

DECEMBER, 1907

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193

THE
ORIENT
MAGAZINE



EGYPT
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JAPAN
CHINA
TURKEY
PERSIA
ARMENIA

GIBRALTAR
SPAIN
MOROCCO
ALGERIA
GREECE
AND
JERUSALEM.

OCCULTISM,
HISTORY
ART AND
SCIENCE.

PUBLISHED BY
THE ORIENT
MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO NEW YORK

ATHENS.
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1923 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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1923 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

All competitions are open freely to all who may desire to compete, until the 1st of January, 1908, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for "The Orient" in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered. SEE PAGE ON PRIZES.

And should more than one person show credentials of having sold the same number of copies, the prize shall be equally divided.

All competitions are open freely to all who may desire to compete, (until the 1st of January, 1908), without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for "The Orient" in order to be entitled to compete for the prizes offered. See note under coupon.

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THE ORIENT MAGAZINE,

1923 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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And should more than one person show credentials of having sold the same number of copies of "The Orient," the prize shall be equally divided.

(See Head Note on Prizes.)

To the person selling the greatest number of copies of "The Orient" by Jan. 1, '08, the sum of five dollars in gold shall be awarded.

THE ORIENT MAGAZINE,
1923 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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A MAGAZINE OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST

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GIBRALTAR
ALI BEI, Assistant Editor, INDIA
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CONSTANTINOPLE
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EGYPT, HINDOOSTAN, JAPAN, CHINA, TURKEY,
PERSIA, ARMENIA, GIBRALTAR, SPAIN,
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C. H. LAMBRIDES, Advertising Mgr.
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New York, August 26th, 1908.

Librarian of the Congress,
Washington, D. C.

Dera Sir:-

Replying to your request of recent date I beg to
state that we have temporarily suspended the publication of
"THE ORIENT MAGAZINE" therefor we have non to sent you except
the first issue. Very truly Yours,

E. H. Lambides
Mgr.

P. S. If you desire we will send you "The Orient Weekly"
Newspaper. L.

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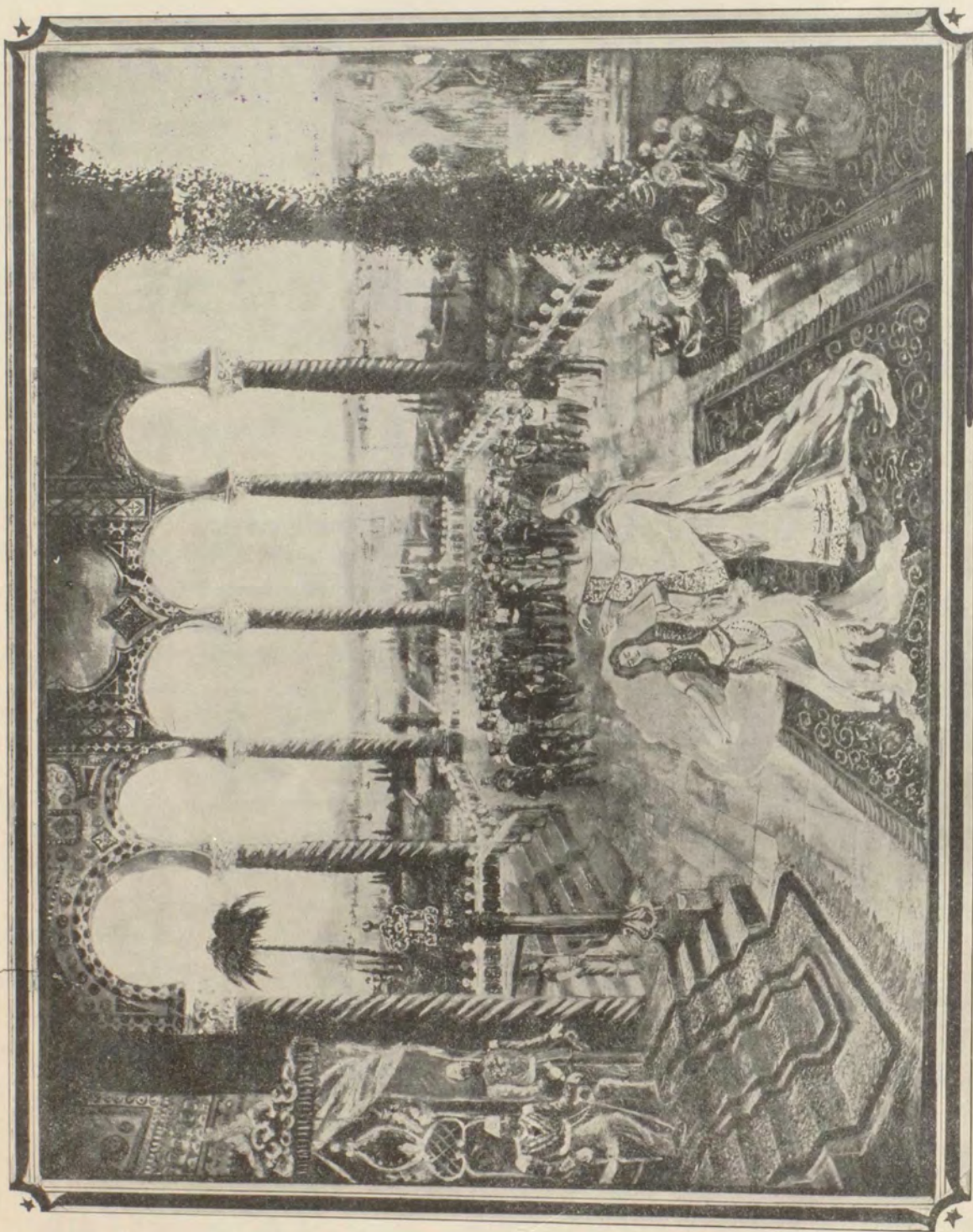
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For the Corresponding Numbers of Premiums and Presents—see Illustration.



(From a popular Oriental Painting by SULEIMAN)

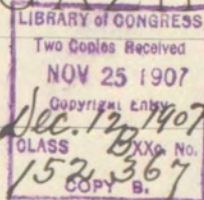
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OFFICERS.

E. H. LAMBRIDES.....BUSINESS MGR. AND TREAS.
E. X. TCHORBA-JOGLU.....GENERAL MGR.
PROF. JAIME RAMIREZ.....CHIEF EDITOR
ALI BEL.....ASSISTANT EDITOR
JEMAL BEL.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR
C. H. LAMBRIDES.....ADV. MGR.

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Address all Business to

E. H. LAMBRIDES, Business Mgr.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1907

THE ORIENT invites contributions, from its friends and readers, on Oriental stories, adventures and anecdotes; also contributions to the "Letters from the People" column, but reserves the right to reject any item or article.

All communications should be signed; if you so desire, your name will not be published, but we must have it as evidence of good faith.

If those who favor us with manuscripts wish to have rejected articles returned they must, in all cases, send stamps for that purpose.

The leading Subject for our next Issue will be relative to Our Present and Future Commercial Intercourse between United States and the Far East Countries.

We have added to our Christmas Number many New Features and Departments which owing to our lack of time and space, we have been compelled to omit in this number.

All Oriental stories submitted for our approval will be paid for, according to their merits.

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications.

Subscribers who do not receive THE ORIENT promptly and regularly, and those changing their address, are requested to notify the Business Manager of this Magazine, either by mail, telephone or in person. Make all complaints direct to the office.

All money orders and letters pertaining to business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Please remit all orders or subscription amount by P. O. Money Order, as personal checks necessitates an exchange fee.

The object of THE ORIENT shall always be to please the public, especially the young folks.

We shall be delighted to hear, often, from our readers suggesting something they may deem it important for publication; or, some useful points of how to increase our circulation.

OUR CIRCULATION

In view of increasing our circulation we are offering, for a limited time, expensive Oriental Premiums for each Year's Subscription, which consists of GENUINE ORIENTAL SILK SHAWLS, JACKETS, GOLD SEAMED AND EMBROIDERED SOFA PILLOWS, COVERS, expensive BRIC-A-BRAC, ORNAMENTS and OBJECTS OF ART, which you are cordially invited to inspect at our offices. Subscription, \$3.00 per year.

PROSPECTUS

To the Public—IN setting forth the claims and prospects of our New Publication, it is not our intention to compete with magazines already in the field, but to fill a niche hitherto unoccupied.

This magazine will be the only one of its kind in the United States. It will be mainly devoted to the Life, History and Literature of the Oriental Nations. In addition to this we have an inexhaustible reservoir from which to draw news and anecdotes, illustrative of the life in the East; articles from our own correspondents, with profuse illustration, will appear in each issue.

THE ORIENT Magazine will, aside from its literature on Oriental Stories, Anecdotes, etc., open its pages for the discussion of the following interesting topics:

Love, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Hypnotism,
Telepathy, Magic, Astrology and everything
concerning Occultism, Theatrical
News, Arts, etc.

Should our "Prospectus" not fill the void of our anticipation, we feel certain, our readers will understand the labor and expense, involved in organizing an undertaking of this nature; but, we are sure that our new-born publication will be regarded as a magazine that will please and interest an intelligent public.

These subjects which THE ORIENT proposes to embrace in its columns have already attracted and interested many of our society folks of the Smart Set, who have encouraged us liberally in this undertaking; and, if the style and contents of this publication will meet with the approval and support of the public—our object will be realized. *Animo facto.*

PROF. JAIME RAMIREZ, EDITOR.



THE ORIENT MAGAZINE PUB. CO. N.Y.

ALI ATTEMPTING TO CONQUER THE LOVE OF THE PASHA'S CHOICE

(FROM A POPULAR PAI-TING BY KIAMIL BEL.)

[EXPRESSLY WRITTEN FOR "THE ORIENT,"]

THE EGYPTIAN RING

AN OCCULT TALE OF OLD EGYPT

By PROF. JAIME RAMIREZ

"That's a most curious looking ring, Ray, old boy. You've often hinted that it came into your possession in a novel manner, and was connected, too, with your strange or inexplicable first meeting with your lovely wife. I'm all curiosity to have you tell me the story."

As the speaker, Howard Hartley, thus addressed his intimate friend and old-time college chum, Raymond Armitage, the two men were enjoying their cigars in the latter's own private apartment in a Fifth Avenue mansion, after its charming hostess, Raymond's newly-made bride, had retired for the night.

The ring mentioned was one worn by Raymond and had been purchased by him some two years before, while on an exploring expedition along the Nile.

It was fashioned from gold wire in the form of a serpent, and scintillated, as if alive, with every motion of his hand, while each of its scales was strung with a ruby, emerald and diamond, making, with all, a singular indescribable effect.

For a moment after his companion had spoken, as recorded, Raymond remained silent, while he dreamily watched the perfumed rings of smoke from his cigar grow thin and vanish in air. Then, while he toyed with the brightly-glowing serpent circling his finger, he solemnly said:

"Yes, Howard, it is, indeed, a most curious looking ring, as you say; and it's a strange story I can tell concerning it—one that seems interwoven with that of my own life's history, or existence, in such a marvelous and inexplicable

manner that it has almost converted me to the weird doctrine of reincarnation.

"But," he added, "I will tell you the story, and you can judge for yourself.

"It was," he commenced, "while I was exploring Egypt and taking pictures around the Deir-el-Bashari Amphitheatre, that I noticed an old Arab approaching me in a stealthy and mysterious manner. The cloak he wore bulged out as if he was hiding something, as, indeed he was, for when opportunity arose, and he felt sure no one else was watching him, he strolled more closely up to me, and, quickly drawing the hidden object from its place of concealment, said in his liquid musical accents: 'Mummy, mummy.'

"I found, on examination, that the mummy's head, as it proved to be, was in a remarkable state of preservation, while, if appearances counted for anything, it had belonged to no common person.

"When the old Arab offered it for sale, as well as this superb ring you see me wearing, that he told me he had found in the same king's tomb as the head, I was not slow in closing the bargain by giving him the price he asked for it—a price that I felt sure many others would be gladly willing to pay double to possess two such treasures.

"After reaching home with them, I put the head in a safe place, and then, for the first time, placed the ring on my finger.

"As I did so I felt a most curious thrill go through my whole being, while, at the same time,

the ring seemed strangely familiar to me, as one often beheld and worn by me in the past; although I was positive I had never possessed such before in this life. And when I retired that night, still wearing the ring, after falling asleep, just as the clock chimed out the midnight hour, I had this most singular dream:

scribed the date 1322, and bore the royal seal of King Rameses.

"At last my chariot stopped at a most beautiful palace before which was a large court with most brilliant mosaic floor, marble pillars and high arches with jeweled lanterns swinging from them, filled with perfumed oil that saturated the



THE ARAB OFFERING FOR SALE THE MUMMY'S HEAD.

"I dreamed that I was beneath a brightly-blazing Egyptian sun that shone most hotly down upon me while I rode in a large golden chariot at the head of a mighty swarthy-skinned host; the foremost among them ever and anon addressing me as Prince Menephtah. And as I thus rode along I perused a parchment on which was in-

air with the breath of the Orient.

"In the centre of this court, reclining on a luxurious divan near a graceful fountain, and shaded by stately palms wet with its cooling crystal spray, was one of the most wondrously beautiful women that eyes of mortal man ever beheld.

"Her complexion seemed made out of magno,

lia and rose leaves, her eyes were dark as stormy midnight skies, and as full of their thrilling electrical gleams; her forehead was low like those of antique statues, but full and perfect in form, and united with a nose as finely chiseled as a cameo, while her pouting voluptuous lips were red as scarlet poppies and disclosed, when she smiled,

while the girdle encircling her slender waist, and the golden fillet binding her dusky hair were studded with rubies like great sparks of fire.

"Her fingers, arms and ankles were loaded, too, with rings, bracelets and bangles set with costly gems of every hue, as well as the sandals covering her exquisitely shaped feet. No words



"PRINCESS THYRZA PRESSED KISS UPON KISS ON MY LIPS."

teeth like rows of evenly-matched pearls.

"She was attired in all that barbaric splendor with which women of the Orient love to adorn themselves. For her lithe form was swathed in a shimmering diaphanous robe embroidered with lotus leaves, and was fastened here and there by great diamond sunbursts, stars, and crescents;

can express the joy that filled me in my vision, as I realized that she was all mine, this most radiant and voluptuous-looking Princess Thyrsa, as I heard her attendants call her.

"For I, Prince Menephtah, was her betrothed lover who had come to say farewell to her for a time before starting out to help to conquer the

maritime nations of the Mediterranean allied with the Lybians, who were then invading the dominions of King Rameses, known as my father.

"With her lovely arms about my neck, the Princess Thyrsa pressed kiss upon kiss on my lips, and at length drew from her finger a ring exactly like this Egyptian one I'm wearing. And

over the two hearts on one of which was inscribed the letter M and on the other 'T.'"

"Why, Ray," his friend interrupted, "Your bride, Mrs. Armitage, wears just such a ring, I'm sure, as you describe."

"Yes, she does," was Raymond's answer, with an inscrutable smile; "but," he added,



THE EGYPTIAN PRINCE AND CLEOPATRA AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

I, in my vision, or whatever you may call it, before giving her a last farewell kiss, took from my own finger a ring that was made of three hoops; the toothed edge of the central one having two hearts in the middle, while a hand was also arranged in such a way that, when the hoops were closed the fingers of the hand closed tightly

"Wait until you hear the rest of my story, for the strangest part is yet to come.

"After parting with Princess Thyrsa in my dream, I rode forth to battle, against the warring hosts who were invading my father's kingdom; and suddenly in one of the battles I was engaged in, I seemed to see myself killed, and afterward

placed in a royal tomb like the one from which the old Arab stole the ring and mummy's head, and then sold to me, as already described.

"When at last I awoke from my dream or vision, I felt as if I had passed through an actual experience; had taken part, as it were, in scenes of some past, and until now, forgotten life.

"So vivid was the remembrance of all, that I determined to again test the necromatic powers of the Egyptian ring that possessed now a strongest fascination for me. I did so again and again, only to obtain each time the same result.

"After leaving Egypt I returned to America; and, when I reached New York, among the first social invitations received by me was that for Mrs. John Jayson-Ashton's Fancy-Dress Ball.

"Some sudden inspiration, or whatever it was, made me decide to attend the ball in the character of an Egyptian Prince.

"When the momentous night arrived, attired in this splendid Court Dress with helmet and breastplate blazing with jewels, I sallied forth to the ball.

"Tiring at last of watching the glittering pageant of kings and queens of every century, as well as many other celebrities and poetical embodiments of every description who swept in a kaliedoscopic change of colors through the stately room, I made my way from the heat and glare of all to the cool, dimly-lit conservatory beyond.

"As I entered it I beheld, standing near a tall palm tree beside the fountain, a lady in the magnificent costume of Cleopatra, who, although I could not see her face, strongly reminded me, with her graceful queenly bearing, of the beautiful Princess Thyrza of my dreams.

"To add to the feeling that took possession of me, as of one under some strange spell, I beheld gleaming on one of her white jewelled hands, a three-hooped ring that was the exact counterpart of the one I had always seen myself, in my vision, place on the finger of Princess Thyrza, when parting from her.

"And to increase my wonder, the unknown lady at sight of me started back with an air of amazement and then stood as one turned to stone, gazing fixedly at me through the eye-slits of her mask.

"While I, too, stood as one rooted to the spot, the midnight hour chimed out and the time for

unmasking had arrived. As the mysterious lady removed her mask no language could portray my astonishment; as, looking upon her face, I saw that same being, lighter in complexion, its features were exactly like those of the Princess Thyrza. And the lovely Cleopatra now before me, seemed as greatly startled at sight of my face when I removed my own mask, to judge from the expression of her countenance and the exclamation of wonder that broke from her lips.

"After an introduction to her (most hastily sought by me), I learned that her name was Helen Hamilton, and her father was one of the Trustees or Directors in the Museum of Art.

"In conversation with her, before leaving the ball, I told her all about the Egyptian ring and of the visions beheld by me in dreams since it came into my possession; also, of the beautiful Princess Thyrza in them, who so strongly resembled her, etc.

"You can judge of my astonishment, when, at the conclusion of my story, the lovely Helen told me an equally remarkable tale of the self-same visions or dreams she also had often beheld, since she had worn the curious three-hooped ring given her by her father, and that had been found with the mummy of the Egyptian Princess sent to the museum.

"She also told me how, in such dreams, the lover always present in them, was known to her as Prince Menephtah, son of King Rameses, and seemed, as well, to have a countenance strangely resembling my own; save that it was more swarthy in hue, while he was also about the same height and build as myself."

In conclusion, Raymond earnestly said: "Now, Howard, you have the strange story of the Egyptian ring I'm wearing, that has so often excited your curiosity. Psychologists might explain it, but I am unable to do so. Perhaps it is, as my wife says, that our astral forms, or whatever one may call them, like those of the hero and heroine of Du Maurier, communicated thus in visions or dreams; because we were destined to wed in our present life, even as we intended to do in ancient times, when we lived and loved each other in the bodies of Prince Menephtah and Princess Thyrza had I not, before we did so been killed on an Egyptian battlefield."

BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN

SURPRISED BY AMERICAN TOURISTS

By AUGUST LOCHER.

Our little cavalcade composed of five European residents of Bagdad (Mesopotamia), accompanied by three cavasses (armed native servants), bound on a flying visit to the world-renowned ruins of Babylon, on the banks of the River Euphrates, fifty-five miles due south of the "City of the Caliphs," jogged slowly on in the glorious moonlight which illuminated the parched plains, now all but uninhabited by man, which extend between the River Tigris and Euphrates, and about that time of the year (it was in August) can scarcely be crossed on horseback by daylight, owing to the intense heat of the sun.

We were all well armed, and mounted on excellent horses; nevertheless we thought it advisable to proceed cautiously, having been warned that several gangs of Bedouin highwaymen were then rendering the road between the Khan (caravansary) of Birehnooz and that of Mahawal, a distance of about thirty miles, over which portion of the road we were then just journeying, very unsafe; and, indeed, we had but an hour previously come across very convincing proofs of the correctness of the report in the shape of two human corpses, and as many carcasses of mules, lying near the roadside, already far advanced in decomposition, and reduced almost to skeletons by the hyenas, jackals and vultures of that region, yet giving mute but unmistakable evidence of having been murdered and robbed.

We had hitherto been traveling in a closed column, and kept a good lookout on all sides to guard against surprise, the usual dodge employed by the prowling ruffians of the desert for the attainment of their nefarious purposes.

In consequence of the mournful discovery above mentioned, we all felt more or less low-spirited, and disinclined for conversation.

To keep myself awake, and at the same time rid myself from the cadaverous odor which still haunted my nostrils, I made up my mind to have a smoke, recommending it also to my friend and traveling companion, J., as a capital remedy for that purpose.

Getting our "sebils," (short tobacco-pipes destitute of stem, and manufactured of common clay, introduced in Syria, Mesopotamia and Arabia by the Turcomans), we called Mustapha, our chief "cavass," to give us a light; but in attempting to strike fire with the old-fashioned tinder box which is still in use in slow progressing Western Asia, he dropped the steel in the sand, and was obliged to dismount in order to look for it, but some time elapsed before he recovered it.

This apparently trifling incident naturally had the effect of causing us to lag a little, but certainly not more than about two hundred yards behind the main body of our cavalcade. The nearer we approached the Euphrates, the more the country assumed an undulating appearance owing to a series of low mounds scattered over the plains, and a low range of sand hills scarcely sixty yards off the road, and running parallel with the latter.

We three who had lagged behind silently rode side by side, each one absorbed in his own thoughts, and enjoying his "sebil."

Thus we advanced for a while, intending to gradually lessen the gap which intervened between us and the main body, when all of a sud-

den I fancied that I had seen the head of a Bedouin rise above the top of a neighboring sand-hillock, and instantly sink again behind the same; but, on straining my sleepy eyes steadily in that direction, I could see nothing but the bare sand, which led me to think that I had perhaps mistaken some prowling jackal for the swarthy face of a Bedouin, and, not liking to figure as a "greenhorn" or a coward in the opinion of my companions, I said nothing about it at the time.

Before we had advanced a hundred yards however, I espied the same object again as it rose very cautiously above the low range of sand-hillocks, but the moment I rose in my stirrups to get a better view of the same it vanished with lightning rapidity.

Convinced that I was not mistaken, and that the object I had now seen for the second time was really the head of a man, covered with the brown, coarse, woolen "keffieh," (a shawl or handkerchief worn by the Bedouins of Mesopotamia when in their everyday costume, a keffieh of heavy silk texture striped with bright red and yellow streaks alternately, being worn by them when in full costume), I confided my suspicion to my friend J., but had hardly opened my lips when Mustapha, who must have accidentally caught a glimpse of the same suspicious object suddenly wheeled round and dashed full tilt toward the low ridge where I had seen the supposed head of the Bedouin disappear. Stopping his horse abruptly when on the summit of the ridge, we saw him fire his two long pistols in quick succession, and the loud report echoed dismally through the gravelike solitude. In an instant we were by his side, and arrived just in time to see ten or twelve well-mounted Bedouins thunder away over the undulating plain at a breakneck speed, the barrels of their awkwardly long guns, and the bright blades of their tapering lances, flashing in the clear moonlight.

Never in my life have I seen horsemen go at such amazing speed; in less than half a minute they were beyond shot range, and most of them no longer visible, having probably hidden behind the sheltering hillocks scattered over the neighborhood. Not so the swarthy scoundrel who had acted as scout for the lawless gang, for, although we could see that the vagabond did his best to accelerate his speed, or rather that of his horse, we could easily have overtaken and dispatched him had we not been afraid that the

precipitate flight of the others was only a "*ruse de guerre*" to separate us still more from our companions and draw us into an ambush, a dodge often practised successfully by the wily scoundrels.

Even if this was the intention of the fugitives they must have expected a round volley from our rifles and revolvers, for in the midst of their hurried flight they leaned right over the offside of their horses, so that scarcely any part of their bodies was visible; and while dashing off in this awkward position, they did not omit to scatter in every direction, to change every moment the frantic course of their fleet horses, and to take advantage of even the slightest depression of the ground for the purpose of hiding therein as much as possible, and give us at the same time the least chance of taking a good aim at them.

This little incident had the salutary effect of curing all the members of our party of drowsiness in a wonderfully quick time. The main body of our expedition, not knowing what was the matter, but suspecting the real state of things, speedily joined us, arriving just in time to be too late to witness the disappearance of the last of the fugitives in the distance.

Of course we all complimented Mustapha, who, by the way, felt as proud as a peacock at the success of his stratagem, upon his acuteness and presence of mind, for which we promised to reward him with a good "baksheesh," meaning present or gratuity, in the shape of a revolver which he ardently coveted, and which was duly presented to him on our return to Bagdad.

The plan of the dastardly marauders was evidently to pounce upon us three, who were lagging behind, as soon as we should reach the banks of a little river, only a few hundred yards off the spot where we discovered them, both banks of which rivulet were covered with an abundance of tall reed grass; or in case of our preparing to rejoin our companions before reaching the rivulet, to dash down upon us and cut us off from them.

They would never have mustered pluck enough to attack us all, though they numbered nearly two to our one, and were merely watching the opportunity of dashing down upon some of us while separated from the main body. Luckily the quick eye and ready action of Mustapha, an experienced traveler in those countries, foiled their dastardly plans just in the nick of time;

and finding themselves so unexpectedly discovered and attacked, before they were ready to make an attack themselves, they were so completely taken by surprise as to allow themselves to be scared into ignominious flight by a single traveler. We breathed more quietly now.

Though we knew that the same vagabonds would not dare to show themselves again that night, we were not so sure that others "of the same kidney" were not prowling around us, and therefore took care to travel thenceforth in closed column.

ABBAS-BEHAA

THE PERSIAN "SON OF GOD."

BY DR. N. K. JAMAL.

Many strange religions have been exploited in America, and all seem to find adherents. The very latest religion is Behaism, which, coming from Persia a few years ago, has several churches and many adherents in New York.

One of these places in New York City is No. 226 West Fifty-eighth street, called the "Behai Revelation Church" and Genealogical Hall," presiding elder of which is W. H. Hoar, of Fanwood, N. J.

Its gospel, the "Hujaj'ul Beheyyeh," written in Persian by Mirza-Abul-Fazl, and translated into English by Ali Kuli Khan, is published in New York.

Behaism is an outgrowth of Babism, a sect of Mohammedianism. The Great Bab was the "precursor;" Beha-Ullah, born 1817, founded the new sect and was succeeded by Abdul Behaa, born 1844. The Behaites believe in one God, but make no attempt to define Him; they say He manifested Himself to the world in the persons of Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus Christ, Mohammed and, lastly, in Abdul-Behaa. According to them, all religions are of divine origin, but all have been corrupted more or less. Behaa is the unification of all faiths, or aims at such unification.

They Behaites are distinguished by the singular purity of their lives; bathing in and drinking pure water are articles of their faith.

The accept the bible, the Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Koran and the tablets of Beha as sacred books, directly inspired.

The following account of the present head of Behaism, Abbas, the "Son of God," is written by a learned Persian resident of this city.

The story of the "Son of God," briefly told, is the following:

He is a Persian by birth and nationality. His father was a notable personage in Persia, a man of family, wealth and distinction, who at one period of his career, years ago, about 1850, claimed to be the incarnate revelation of the spirit of God, in other words, he pretended to be "God in the flesh," under the assumed name of "Behaa-Allah," signifying the light, radiance or effulgence of God. He evolved a new creed and preached and taught doctrines of a new faith, all foreign to the elements of the established religion of his country which were sooner or later bound to clash with it.

Such a striking personality as the "Behaa's" was destined to attract notice; his teachings, coupled with practical acts of charity and benevolence, were impressed with telling effect upon a great body of his compatriots, and it was not long before he had a considerable following.

The Persian Government took alarm at his unretarded progress and strict injunctions were issued, ordering him to desist from his presumptuous ministry.

A man of his stamina, mental abilities and social standing was not to be so easily thwarted; besides, the gods do not heed the petty whimperings of frail, mortal humanity.

He continued in the promulgation of his new cult till he incurred the strong measures he had all along been threatened with.

Consequently the best part of his property and vast estates were confiscated by the Government, and he, with his numerous family, which included four sons, and a great many of his followers, was banished out of Persia.

His first place of exile was the city of Bagdad.

in Asiatic Turkey. Here he was confined within the city limits for ten years, at the end of which period he was as firm in his deifical pretensions as ever before. Then he was summoned to Constantinople, where he underwent some sort of ecclesiastical trial and it was also supposed he was granted an audience by His Imperial Majesty the late Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, all of which proceedings culminated in a reprimand and in his being dis-

These communications in the majority of cases were wholly ignored, but the late Queen Victoria, with the gracious courtesy and diplomacy which characterized her career, acknowledged his epistle in flattering terms of friendliness and encouragement, qualified with the proviso that "If he was really God, nothing but time will prove it to be so, when he might prevail in the end," while the answer from the French Emperor was couched in



THE PERSIAN "SON OF GOD."

missed in ridicule as an irresponsible religious maniac.

He was then consigned to the city of Adrianople for the space of three years, in the course of which time, nothing daunted, and with ardor unabated, he formally announced his "divine character" to the world at large and entered into a series of epistolary communications with most of the crowned heads of Europe.

mocking terms, to the effect that "If Persia can produce a God, France has already produced a greater god than he, in the person of Louis Napoleon III." And it may be presumed that President Lincoln, who also received an epistle was too occupied with the vicissitudes of the civil war to give it due thought or consideration, little imagining, however, that not many decades would pass before churches in Washington and New York

City would be dedicated to "Behaa Allah" and named in his honor.

The Sultan of Turkey finally disposed of the "Behaa" in 1863 or thereabouts by assigning him for life to Acre, a small fortified town on the Mediterranean coast of Palestine. Here he was restricted to residence within the limits of the city's walls, but otherwise was left free to live in any house he chose. He also was accorded full civil rights and privileges, by virtue of which his family were enabled to purchase lands and estates in the adjoining country, wherein they settled down more as landed gentry than exiles in a foreign land. Moreover, he was allowed the freedom of inculcating the tenets of his cult in his own immediate family and Persian followers, but he was absolutely forbidden to engage in any missionary or proselytizing labors among the natives of Palestine under penalty of actual bodily restraint and deprivation of all civil rights.

Thus he continued living at Acre, where, by reason of his wealth, generosity and affluence he acquired considerable prestige and popularity with both the townspeople and local government officials to whom he was known simply as "El Behaa." Albeit his followers accorded him faithful allegiance, implicit confidence and unquestioning obedience.

To them he was God, or the visible incarnation of God on earth. His word was their law. His behests were their delight. His slightest wishes—some of which entailed the commission of rather shadowy and dark deeds at great personal risk—were complied with by them without murmur or hesitation.

But as all flesh is mortal, even though self-vested with attributes of an immortal deity, as in the case of "El Behaa," the time came at last for him to go to his last account.

This happened in 1892, and in consequence the

succession of the leadership of the Persian believers fell, by right of inheritance to his eldest son Abbas.

Abbas was at once recognized and accepted as their leader by his bereaved compatriots, to whom he became known as Abbas Effendi the "Son of God."

Neither Acre nor Haifa lies exactly on the line of travel followed by the majority of American tourists in Palestine, but whether from motives of curiosity or interest or both combined, many Americans have sought and gained access to the "Son of God," accepted his hospitality for days and even weeks together, and presumably sat at his feet and learned of him.

As a result he has a following of Americans whose numbers mount up to the tens of thousands, distributed in such cities as New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, but above all Chicago.

There are several accredited "apostles" of both sects ordained and sent dy the "Son of God" who are proclaiming his name to-day in America.

His followers gather regularly during the week and on Sundays at places especially set apart for purposes of worship, contemplation and glorification of the noble precepts set forth by the "Master," as he is called by them, as well as exhorting and encouraging one another in his faith.

When one comes to the contemplation of a quasi-formulated cult that had its origin, not so many years ago in Persia, but now is accepted and embraced by many persons in this country as the embodiment of all truth, and is preached by these same Americans to other Americans and carried by Americans to distant parts of the world, one can't help exclaiming with a certain justifiable depth of feeling, "Verily, this world is a small place after all."—*New York Sunday Herald*.

A BIRTHDAY VERSE

[ORIGINAL]

*Meet the years of Yesterday
Without pause and bid them stay;
Young Tomorrow's helpless call
Pleads for succor, lest she fall,
To-day's humor, grim or sweet
Must assist those tottering feet
And the backward look at years—
Lived with Joy or passed with Tears,*

*Cannot read the Future's aim.
Give the unborn what they claim—
Hope that labor will not be
Fruitless, that eternity
Will not bring past toil and woe.
Then may years that swiftly go
Count that joy and not the sorrow
For each coming child To-morrow.*

—FLORENCE J. STODDARD

[TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE ORIENT.]

HYPNOTISM

OR THE POWER OF

MESMERISM AND ITS DEVELOPMENT

An Interesting Operation Performed while under the Power of Mesmerism

BY AHMET EFFENDI.

To the Editor of THE ORIENT:

BEIRUT, TURKEY, September 10, 1907.

Many interesting and wonderful discoveries have been written about and published, in aid of medical science, in regard to the power of scientific mesmerism, but the following case may be found without parallel.

of the Harem's favorite beauties was the victim of cancer on her left breast. She, advised by the best counsel in Beirut, decided to undergo an operation which was believed to be most critical, under hypnotic influence.



THE HAREM'S "FAVORITE" AND HER MAID, POSING FOR THE ARTIST.

A remarkable surgical operation was recently performed in Beirut, Turkey, which has excited much admiration and comment among scientists all over the world.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, and one

This young woman stood greatly in fear of the use of ether, and would only consent to an operation under the influence of mesmerism. She had often read and heard of wonderful work having been accomplished by surgeons through this medium.

Jerrah Bairackdar, one of the most noted physicians and surgeons of Beruit, was selected to perform the task, aided by a hypnotist, also, one of the most celebrated of modern times in his profession. All preparations were made, and at the appointed day and hour the young woman patient entered the room where the operation was to take place, attired in her gorgeous Oriental robes.

Her beautiful black eyes sparkled brighter than two eastern stars; her long and lustrous hair, black as jet, hung, unconfined, over her shoulders; her features were well marked and perfectly regular,

in this room except the doctor and myself."

After asking the patient a few questions, the doctor ordered her to prepare herself, which she did, baring her left breast where the cancer appeared. The surgeon continued talking, and asking all sorts of questions. She was apparently in her sub-conscious state, as cheerful and contented as she was usually, among her companions in the Harem.

The operation lasted about thirty minutes, after which time she was borne to her bed while under the trance, and, in order to avoid any possible excitement, she was kept in this condition



JEHAN BEI MESMERIZING THE HAREM'S "FAVORITE" TO PRODUCE ANAESTHESIA PREVIOUS TO THE OPERATION.

her complexion was clear and her symmetrical form most graceful, inclining to voluptuousness.

Her slaves were at hand to remove her splendid garments and change them for the white sterilized gown of a patient, prepared for the occasion.

Jehan Bei, the hypnotist, proceeded at once with his work of bringing her into a trance, and in a few minutes the pretty favorite yielded to the influence exercised over her, and sank into apparent slumber. The mesmerist then called the surgeon who was in an adjoining room, and conducted him into the patient's apartment, while addressing to the sleeping lady these words:—"Open your eyes and obey the doctor, you can see there is no one

until the second dressing of the wound, that is, for three days and a half longer.

All her friends and relatives assembled around her, eagerly awaiting the moment she should wake. She soon opened her eyes, and recognizing everyone, and, pointing with her right hand to her left breast, and looking at the surgeon, said: "Hahkim Effendi," which means literally, "Honored doctor, I know all about it; I was distinctly aware of everything you did."

When she first opened her eyes the moisture in them, and her visible emotion made plain her feelings, and her sweet expression of gratitude was noticed by all those around her.



JERRAH BAIRACKDAR OPERATING ON THE HAREM'S "FAVORITE'S" BREAST WHILE SHE IS TALKING AND SMILING IN THE TRANCE.

The patient's wound was dressed and medically attended for several days, until she recovered.

The people of Reirut are greatly pleased at the success of this unusual case, and to-day the Harem's famous beauty is the most enthusiastic

one on the subject of scientific magnetism, and also the most earnest student of the science, and highly recommends Jehan Bei, the skillful hypnotist

Full details of how to produce Anæsthesia by means of hypnotism will be published in our next issue.

A BOY'S AMAZING POWER IN CLAIRVOYANCY

John Flottum, a Scandinavian boy, thirteen years of age, has attracted wide-spread attention owing to his remarkable clairvoyant powers. On one occasion he was shown a photograph of a man who was missing and whom the police were unable to locate. He immediately indicated a river some twenty miles distant. After leading policemen and several interested people a long distance he discovered a handkerchief owned by the missing person. Being too exhausted to continue further,

a stop over night was taken and the search postponed until morning.

On resuming the search, he went straight to a river at the bottom of which the body was found. John's school teacher, while naturally skeptical as to such experiments, acknowledged the boy's phenomenal powers. He has been put to the test time after time and only when laboring under great excitement has there been failure in the experiments.

[FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

OPIUM SMOKING IN LONDON

It has been known, for some time past that *Salones de Opium* have thrived openly for years in Our London Correspondent, together with the representative of the *Journal des Voyages* (to



THE INTERIOR OF AN OPIUM DEN IN LONDON.

Paris, Brest and Toulon, and this bad feature of the Chinese has been widely spread from Orient to Occident.

whom we are indebted for the accompanying drawing) visited the opium joint in Bermondsey, in a little street just off of Long Lane, a few steps

from London Bridge Station, of the London, Brighton and Southwest Railway, and this is what he writes :

LONDON, Sept. 20, 1907.

We arrived at the opium joint at 2 a. m., when the game was at its height.

The Chinaman in charge spoke good English and acted courteous, friendly and with a perpetual smile.

After our Card of Entry had been thoroughly inspected he escorted us into a large dimly lighted room where some fifteen or twenty Chinamen were lying and sitting on the floor, beds, cots and tables, smoking or "hitting the hops" was all that could be seen in this room.

The stench could not be more unpleasant to us but we had to stand it and have our story ready.

The "layout" for smoke was offered to us, which we thankfully declined, pleading all sorts of excuses.

After a little while we became better acquainted and friendly with each other and managed to gain some information from our host, regarding the place, etc., in the following manner :

"We have been running this place for the period of ten years and though it began, first, as an exclusive resort—for Chinese and Malay sailors we have had a swagger patronage from the West End. Some of the best known-men in politics, literature and art visit our place.

"Four evenings of the wee . are reserved for parties of both sexes ; the doors of the house are then locked and the outside lights put out until noon of the following day.

"On three occasions our profits were from \$200 to \$250 per night. We have the opium smuggled

and hidden and we bring it here in snuff boxes or tobacco pouches, as we need it, in small quantities."

The *modus operandi* of "hitting the hop" is very interesting. The Chinaman brings you a tray and a pipe, a whale-oil lamp, opium in a silver saucer and the "dope stick," a long silver prong with a flat end.

The pipe is an elaborate affair ; its stem of ebony is mounted with silver and jewels with an ivory mouth-piece two feet long, at the other end, the bowl which is of a semi-convex disc made of ivory two and a half inches in diameter and has in its center a small hole.

The Chinaman then dips into the opium which is a fine jellyfied cake, and then takes out enough to make the pill ; this he places on the bowl or disc, holds it over the lamp and manoeuvres it until it is "cooked" and has been rolled into a small "pill" which is then placed over the hole in the disc fastening them with the small end of the dope-stick and hands the pipe to the guest who holds it over the lamp and inhales a long breath (which is sufficient to exhaust the "pill") and the performance is all over.

The victim, then lies over a couch or floor, and enters into the "Fairyland" where everything is celestial and gorgeous and remains so until the "dope" wears out when he calls *encore*.

A victim to the opium habit cares for neither food or open air exercise ; the natural joys of life are dead to him.

Opium stimulant takes the place of food or drink. So in this manner they live for years—victims of the "dope" until their unregretted end arrive : "Remote, unfriended and unsung."

MARRIAGE OF HINDU WIDOWS.

Custom requires Hindu parents to procure husbands for their daughters before they arrive to womanhood. It is not uncommon for a girl to become a bride before she is three years old. Should the husband die even before she leaves the parental abode, the infant bride becomes a widow ; and a widow, however juvenile or infantile, is doomed to remain such through life. A few years since, Babu Mutilal Seal, for the purpose of discountenancing this pernicious custom, offered the

generous sum of five thousand dollars to the first respectable Hindu who would brave the scorn and prejudice of his countrymen by marrying a widow ; but no one has appeared as yet to claim the bounty. The same individual has recently proposed to the Dhurma Subha, a society of orthodox Hindus, to petition government for some enactment in favor of the marriage of widows. This step, however, created a great commotion in the meeting.

THE ORIENTAL WITCH OF O'GONNELLO.

BY PATRICK DONOHUE.

FOR upwards of eighty-five years there lived in a little cottage at the foot of the O'Gonnello hills. County Clare, a woman known as Fatima Khanim in all the Orient, whose manifestations of strange powers caused one sensation after another, kept the people for miles around in a state of perpetual terror and gave powerful impetus to superstition.

This woman early in her career came to be known as the Oriental witch of O'Gonnello. She was hated and feared by young and old, still, despite all that, and despite the further fact that the parish priest became her avowed enemy she gained many friends.

The spot where this remarkable woman, or witch, lived is a picturesque and beautiful one. The witch's cottage stood by the roadside, her nearest neighbor being a mile distant. To the east and south rise the O'Gonnello hills with numerous groves and green fields along their sides; to the west the Loughathori mountains display a rugged grandeur covered with golden heather, while in many places are clustered boulders of enormous size. The pine and the mountain ash, though few and far between, stand erect, bidding defiance to wind and weather. A subterranean passage runs through those mountains, how far nobody knows, as all attempts at exploration have been baffled by the sudden extinguishing of lights a few yards in from the entrance whenever a searching party tried to investigate.

Stretching away to the north for a distance of twenty miles is beautiful Lough Derg dotted with verdant islets on which traces of a former civilization can still be seen. The ruins of old castles, round towers, walls of an ancient seat of learning are among the seats that greet the eye.

Very early in her career, weird and uncanny tales of the witch's actions were circulated broadcast. Probably the wildest of these tales and the

ones which frightened the people most were two of the most absurd and impossible stories one could imagine. It was said that she was in the habit of flying through the air on a broomstick on moonlit nights to the cave in the mountains to hold council with evil spirits. Then, again, her friends, the evil spirits, occasionally gathered at her cottage, and at these gatherings the wildest revels and orgies were indulged in. Songs, music, dancing and various exciting games, exciting at least to those who claimed to have seen them—at a distance—made up the program on these occasions. At the approach of dawn the revels would cease and the gay crowd would vanish as mysteriously as they had gathered.

These extravagant tales were brought to the ears of the parish priest. He was told that the witch was 'enchantin' some of the parishioners and that an awful calamity threatened the country unless his reverence opposed her powers with his powers, which latter were believed by the people to be superior to even those of the witch.

The priest was evidently much perturbed. The stories of the witch furnished the material for the following Sunday's sermon, and the church was packed with worshippers who never prayed so earnestly or devoutly as they did on that day. They were bordering on a state of panic, and the priest, to reassure and comfort them, defied the witch (who was absent, of course) to do her worst. He would give her battle and overcome her machinations. In the meantime he exhorted the congregation to hold special prayers every evening at home and assist him, as much as possible, in the combat which he was about to begin.

Before many days had elapsed the report was circulated that the witch had restored health and vigor to a man who had been bedridden for years, and who had long since been pronounced incurable

To the man's house the priest went and found him in apparently the best of health. Questioned as to the remarkable change in his condition the man admitted having been treated by the witch, who, he said, had accepted a small fee for her services. The priest went away, mystified.

A week later the cure of a ten year old child, who had been sickly from birth, was reported. The following day the complete recovery of a paralytic was announced. These reports, which were all verified, served to allay, in a measure, the fear in which the witch was held. But the priest was growing uneasy in mind. The announcement of these cures troubled him far more than the reported flights on the broomstick and the strange gatherings at the cottage. It was evident that the crusade which was being waged against the witch, a crusade of prayer, had no effect thus far.

"It will never do," thought the priest, "to have this woman, or whatever it is, going about the parish performing tricks with the aid of the devil. These people are not cured at all. They only imagine it." Musing thusly he planned another line of attack which was meant to deprive the witch of subjects without which she would be unable to exhibit her powers as a healer. Accordingly on the following Sunday he warned the congregation that any of its members who thereafter sought or received aid of the witch would do so on pain of the severest penance. "Come to me when you're ill," he pleaded, "and if your faith is strong enough I will make you well. And I will prove that my power is superior to that of the witch."

The priest's action, however, only served to react in favor of the witch. His offer to heal the sick met with immediate acceptance, but, alas! those who went to him for treatment derived no benefit whatever. He attributed his failures to lack of faith on the part of the patients, but this was disputed by one who was subsequently made well by the witch.

"When I sent for the priest," said this person, "I had strong faith in him and firmly believed that he could cure me. He came to me several times and each time I was buoyed up with the same simple faith, but I was getting no better. Finally, without my knowledge or consent, some

one sent the witch to my house. She walked in and my wife nearly fainted at the sight of her.

"Don't be alarmed my dear woman," said the witch, 'I only want to take a look at your husband.'

"Oh, Holy Virgin!" screamed my wife, 'you want to take him away for the fairies and leave a dead man in his place.'

"Calm yourself, my good woman," said the witch, 'I only want to make your husband well. The fairies will surely get him soon, unless I can prevent them.'

"Without another word she walked into the room where I lay, and if my wife was badly scared I was even more so. She looked at me for a minute or so and then left the room, assuring me that I would be well in a couple of days. I had very little faith in her words, however, as I had lain in my bed for a long time, and since the priest was apparently unable to help me I was beginning to lose hope. But on the third day, to my great surprise, I found myself as well as I ever was. I don't know, of course, how she did it. I suppose it's some great secret of her own.'

By this time the witch was well advertised for miles around. People came to her on horseback and on foot, seeking aid for themselves or for sickly relatives. Unlike the priest, she was always successful with her patients. The moment the stranger entered her door he was given ample proof of her wonderful powers. He was greeted by name, told where he hailed from, and the nature of his troubles were described to him before he got an opportunity to speak. If the patient had been given up by the doctor, or was too poor to pay for medical services, all of which was like an open book to the witch, the case received her immediate attention, but not otherwise.

One evening the parish priest was traveling from Killaloe to his parochial residence by jaunting car. The horse was going at a fast gait and when opposite a certain point on the road fell suddenly, without the slightest warning or visible cause. The abrupt ending to a lively trot threw priest and driver to the road with great violence. The driver lay stunned, but the priest, his face and hands cut and bleeding, struggled to his feet and groaned with pain. In this condition he could do nothing for horse or

drive, but the latter, after a few minutes, struggled to a sitting posture and stared blankly about. He was bleeding from nose and mouth, and his left arm hung limp, apparently broken. He realized, presently, that something was wrong, so wiping the blood from his face with his shirt sleeve, asked: "What happened, father?"

"All I can tell you, Jack," replied the priest, "is that the horse fell suddenly, and you and I were thrown out of the car. You can see my hands and face are bleeding. I can do nothing to help. Are you much hurt, Jack?"

"I think me arm an' leg is broken, ye're riverence. I can't move 'em at all, at all," Jack replied, dolefully. "An' I think me head is hurt, too," he added.

"Do you need the rites of our holy church?" asked the priest.

"Not yit, I think, ye're rivrence; 'tis too suggestive of dying, an' I don't want to be afther thinking of that for awhoile longer," replied Jack, as he tried to look brave despite his sufferings.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the priest. "But I don't know what to do. There is the horse apparently dead, and Jack as helpless as if he was dead and myself not much better."

He was anxious to reach home to keep an appointment with some of the elite of the parish, including a high police official, to discuss and project a scheme for the suppression of Fenianism, which was then spreading rapidly throughout the land, and of which he had an undying hatred. The dear folks, who took such an interest in Ireland's welfare, were perhaps at that moment sitting round the festive board at the parochial residence, and here was the priest several miles away, helpless. The thought was exasperating.

He looked up and down the road for some sign of relief, but none appeared. He listened for the sound of voices from the fields but all was silent save for the dismal howl of a dog some distance off. Mechanically, as it were, he turned his gaze to a lone cottage some distance away, and there in the doorway stood its occupant calmly surveying the scene.

Now, in the natural order of things, this person could have no sympathy or respect for the priest, and could not be expected to render or offer assistance. The one was waiting to be asked before offering aid; the other was doubting the propriety of asking it, in view of previous unpleasantnesses, and yet there seemed no other alternative, for, with the shades of night falling fast the chances for relief from other sources grew less.

With memories of the past surging through the priest's mind, recalling certain words, threats and promises, all of which went for naught, his spirit was humbled and he turned to the helpless driver with the astounding query:

"Jack, d'ye think it would be any use to ask the witch for help?"

As was to be expected Jack was startled, but after a little reflection, he replied: "I'd ax me grandfather's ghosht if I thought he could help me, beggin' ye're rivrence's pardon. Where is the witch?" he said.

"Don't turn your head, Jack," cautioned the priest, "she's watching us from her door. If you look she might think we're talking about her."

"Troth she's likely to know that, anyway, if what people sez about 'er is thrue," ventured Jack.

"Tut, tut man, you're talking foolish," said the priest impatiently, "Your head is very badly hurt, I fear," he added, after a pause.

"Alright, go ahead and call 'er, father," returned Jack. "I wish some one 'ud come and relieve me, for every bone in me body is smashed," he added, with lips trembling.

A terrible struggle took place in the priest's breast. Would he call on the witch for assistance, the woman whom he had maligned, and thus acknowledge her powers, which he attributed to the devil, and admit his own impotency at the crucial moment? Here was an opportunity to perform a deed commensurate with his boast, namely, that his powers were superior to those of the witch.

"And yet," he mused, sadly, "no wonder, will likely spring from this opportunity to substantiate my claim.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

PRINCESS EULALIA

AND MRS. McKEE'S MONEY.

"EULALIA—'Que ! Oigo mal, me engano? sera posible?' What ! Do my ears deceive me ? And after all the incredible efforts I have put

are mistaken in your American. I am *one* of those Americans who will never pay one dollar to be presented at King Alfonso's court, or any



Fach Photo.

INFANTA EULALIA

forth to secure this unheard of condescension to an—*an American !*

other !

"MRS. M'KEE—For once, Madame, you

"MR. M'KEE (looking indignantly at his wife)—Cornelia !"

The rumor has been confirmed by society that Mrs. A. Hart McKee will not be presented at the Spanish court, and the Infanta Eulalia will not get those million francs from that lady, and Mr. McKee—too eager for Royal notice, too liberal spender with his wife's money—is sued for divorce

"No tens of thousands of the McKee gold will now allay the itching of their palms, palms that were so eager to be auriferously scratched in the process of wafting beautiful Mrs. A. Hart McKee into the exclusive and august presence of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria.



MRS. A. HART MCKEE.

"The Spanish Infanta Eulalia" says the *Sunday Herald*, "is inconsolable. Vainly she has exerted herself to bring the rich husband and the richer wife together in loving amity. Equally inconsolable is that army of other royal and noble persons having more or less influence at the Spanish court. It is all over—and over.

"Mrs. Hart McKee probably is the most beautiful and charming young American whom Paris has taken to its heart. Mr. Hart McKee is handsome, accomplished and popular. The tradesmen adore him—especially those dealers in furs, rich feminine raiment and jewels purchased in such liberal quantities, and so promptly paid for in checks drawn by his wife."

KEEP YOUNG.

[ORIGINAL]

There is no room for Sadness when you give a smile ;
It nerves you to try again, it's never out of style.
A smiling face gives courage when failure makes you blue ;
It drives away the clouds of gloom ; a smile is good for you.
A smile comes very easy a hundred times a day ;
Now practise it a week or two and try without delay.—PROF. ZERIMAR.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

Modern Spiritualism made its advent about a half century ago, and, as is often stated: "Has come to stay." It is being advocated by both wise and ignorant, noted and humble adherents, and has frequently confounded the wise through the instrumentality of the ignorant. Its phenomena has become well known, and has convinced myriads of skeptics who began investigation seriously or flippantly, of the truth that decarnate spirits do return and, under favorable conditions, communicate intelligently with denizens of the earthly realm.

Scientists, educators, authors, in fact people of note in all fields of intelligent research have not only become converted to the truth of spiritualism, but have, with the courage of their convictions, given to the world the results of their investigation and proclaimed their adherence to this new cult which so largely occupies the mind of thinking people in all countries, under all conditions.

The church, while preaching immortality, or at least the continuance of life after the stroke named death, closes its doors to the only veritable proofs which can establish the truth of the claims of the church beyond cavil or preadventure.

When spiritualism offers to demonstrate the future life to the Christian Church, no audience can be obtained of those who most should desire the absolute knowledge offered.

When the death-angel bears from their loving hold the dear ones called to the Higher Life, despite their religion the bereaved are disconsolate, and often in despair, but for the loving presence and soothing influence of the dear unseen, many more would lose their reason, and our insane asylums would present even more pitious appeals to our sympathy and stronger incentive to work for their delivery.

Spiritualism turns from its natural supporters and adherents, those whom we have mentioned, to the world at large, and enters the church incidentally through the avenues of liberality which steadily broaden and modify the church propaganda and the tenets of the church. In the

world at large willing or unwilling advocates are being marshalled in line, until it is now hardly possible to find a family, native or foreign, who will not tell you of experiences in the occult for which they will solemnly vouch, whether or not they will admit the true name which is Spiritualism. False teachings, ignorance, and superstition make humanity averse to acceptance of this new science, or religion—or religious science, if you will, so we turn aside, usually, until we are stricken with grief, and dumb with awe in the presence of the stilled forms and later in the memory of our beloved who have left us inconsolable, who have "gone on before," leaving us no sure knowledge of what is their portion beyond our earthly vision. When our hearts yearn beyond the bearing, we seek to know of that land—that world into which our dear ones have travelled—eager for some clue to their continued life.

Mediums are sought and our dearest wish is gratified. We receive proof not only of the continuity of life beyond this, but evidence of the continued interest, and increased love of those whom we misname "dead." Sometimes the evidence is vague, sometimes gloriously satisfactory. Our hearts are encouraged, life loses a part of its gloom, and our spiritual natures are aroused to greater development. We find the singing bird again in our hearts when we become reconciled to the brief span of separation, knowing that it may many times be broken by the coming of our dear spirit friends whom we had mourned as those without hope.

Spiritualism is sound in phenomena as its base, and beautiful in its philosophy. We are taught, by those who return, wholesome truths from which, if we are wise, we will elucidate each a creed, or code of living for him or herself.

As we regulate our lives, we shall win the inheritance of eternal life. Our inspiration to higher deeds, and our efforts to reach worthy ideals shall make for eternal reward when we shall have received the summons to lay down our earthly garment for the role of immortality. Perhaps in

classifying the followers of Spiritualism one should name two great classes as Spiritualists and Spiritists. The latter seek and are satisfied with phenomena, while the first named are not content with phenomena alone, but seek to live by the teachings of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and wisely strive to attain, according to its teachings, the highest attitude possible, within their environment and subject to heredity, etc., etc.

Altho' individual advocates of Spiritualism blunder, altho' false teachers pose as the true, and fraud is too common, the cause steadily progresses, and all notes of comparison have the ring of advancement. We claim without fear of contradiction that Spiritualism is founded upon the bed-rock of truth, that its claims are capable of proof that all true followers *i.e.*, real Spiritualists are better men and women when true to the cause; and that the world is being greatly, largely helped in moulding the various countries to better living under improved, or reformed governments.

In our own city there are meeting places where one can gain proofs of the continuity of life "beyond the river of time," and enjoy the elucidation of the philosophy of our advocacy. Notably among these are the meetings held in Elks Hall, Columbus Circle, 59th St. and Eighth Avenue, by the First Association of Spiritualists, on Sundays at 3 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Margaret Gaule-Riedinger is the regular speaker and psychic, and gives marvellous demonstrations of spirit return at each service.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF OCCULT SCIENCES.

A society for the promotion of Occult Sciences has been lately organized under the auspices of "THE ORIENT" Magazine, which will do its utmost to keep all of its members well informed of everything in that direction, as we propose to devote a special space for the purpose of developing and exchanging thoughts with thousands of wise men and women from the far East and West.

While "THE ORIENT" takes great delight in being the founder of this worthy movement and has cheerfully contributed to fully organize same, it is our earnest desire to urge every one of its members, as well as the students in the various branches of Occultism, to join us with their influential and financial contributions, so as to enable us to build a permanent institution, that will last and flourish in behalf of mankind.

Address all contributions and communications to the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Occult Sciences, 101 W. 64th Street, Room 5.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society holds services on Sundays at 10.45 A. M. and 8 P. M., at 74 West 126th St.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham is the regular speaker, and gives most interesting lectures followed by inspirational poems, subjects furnished by the audience.

Both these societies are conducted in a commendable and dignified manner, fine music being a much appreciated and helpful feature.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the First Spiritualistic Association, the able Mrs. Milton Rathbun, for her good wishes towards THE ORIENT, expressed in the following sentiments.

Editor of the Orient.

To you, in your advent, we extend the hand of welcome, and bid you "Good speed." So far as you walk aright may success attend your way, if you swerve, even unintentionally from the right, may the strong arm of retributive justice bring you back to the true pathway from whence you shall emit light, dispense strength and intelligently guide your followers toward the mile post for each, where each can stand firmly upon the rock of truth whether it be for Spiritualism, Science, any or all the lines for which we honestly believe you will radiate more light and lead.

Thus believing we again welcome you and bid you a hearty God, or "Good Speed."

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1907.

The planet Jupiter rises in opposition to Mars at the moment of the New Moon on the 5th of November, while the Luminaries will be on the fourth house in square aspect to both planets. This will bring disputes with foreign powers, and grave danger of war.

The affliction of Jupiter points out that there shall be serious religious disputes. Heavy losses are to be feared in the financial world and some important legal case in connection therewith will be heard. The revenue will show a slight improvement, and railways and the Post Office will benefit.

Saturn in the ninth presages denotes many disasters on the high seas. The position of Neptune is not favorable for workhouses and institutions and much fraud and strange doings are likely to be unearthed. News from China will tell of massacres of Christians.

THE BEAUTY OF THE ORIENT

THE AIM OF THE OCCIDENT.

BY ROSE THORNE.

WHEREVER the thought of beauty is expressed. Oriental beauty is its highest conception. This is not entirely because the Orient is most ancient than the Occident, although that may have its influence upon modern thought. But it is certainly a historical fact that the development of beauty has attained to its highest perfection in the Orient, and that we do our utmost to copy its methods, hoping for similar results. If it were not so, why do we have so many "Oriental creams," "Oriental Balms," "Oriental lotions," and why do we import the most expensive ingredients of all kinds of toilet articles and beautifiers?

It is proverbially famous—and hence, the mere name "Oriental" assures the sale of anything to be used for the development or perfection of beauty.

Hence, also, the success of the official custodian of the health and beauty of the ladies of the Khedive's harem, who has recently located in New York City.

For, be it known, the strict orders of the Khedive of Egypt is that no lady of his harem must be permitted to look over twenty years of age, neither must she become disproportionately fat. In fact, she must not lack or exceed the perfect proportions especially admired by her master. For that reason, every day, she is carefully examined by the beauty doctor in charge, measured, and weighed, and a careful record made. If by chance she is found wanting in any respect, strenuous measures, if necessary, are taken at once to correct such imperfections. The standard must be maintained.

If she has increased in flesh, she is at once put into a medicated bath, treated with electricity, and massaged down to the proper size. Any little irregularity is looked upon as a deformity. Such a thing as one shoulder or one hip being higher than the other is never tolerated for a moment. One arm or one foot being larger than the other

is immediately reduced. And under no circumstances must she come under the royal eye until she is once more perfect.

If she has lost flesh, she is given nourishing baths, and massages with flesh foods, annointed with oils and fed on sweets. It is not supposed that ladies of the harem are to exercise as do the athletic American women, and so, their care devolves entirely upon the attendants. The official beauty doctor is responsible for their appearance. If they have in any way become impossible they are no longer wanted.

And the appearance of a grey hair! Shocking! Send her out to the farm! Her life is over!

And so, you never see a grey haired woman in Oriental countries among the social elect. In fact, it is far more universal than we realize here in the Occident, for women to dye their hair and keep it dyed as long as they have any social ambitions. It is not tolerated in many of the court circles of Europe, and dyed hair or whole wigs are the invariable custom of fashionable beauties. But of course, the wig is never seen any such place as a harem of beauties. That stage is ages too old!

But while some of us here in America have too many years to our credit to be admitted to the same class as harem beauties, be it known, that the same methods are said to take from fifteen to twenty years from the apparent age of any woman under fifty years of age! And these Oriental methods have received their just popularity as results have shown, under the care of the late official beauty doctor of Egypt, Madame Babauhot, who has been busy in subtracting the years from the appearance of New York ladies this year.

And it takes Oriental goods to accomplish results. Nothing Occidental will do the trick. No substitutes can be used. And these imported

luxuries are not at all cheap. But who cares for mere money when beauty, a wealthy marriage, and all the attendant luxuries of a life of ease under such circumstances is at stake! Any of the most common necessities of life will be accounted as superfluous luxuries, with such a stake in view.

Another thing which Oriental methods promise and that is permanency of results, with no drugs to be taken, but a patient submission to regular treatment and rules until such results are attained. The normal proportions of perfect beauty in so far as the material at hand is capable of, is assured at the start. Everything that can be done without the aid of surgery is promised.

The correction of slight deformities, as practised by Dr. Lorenz, is daily practised by Mme. Babauhot among her patients. In fact, for seven years she studied with the famous doctor and assisted him in many operations, some of which she has duplicated among the fashionable women of New York society with uniform success. And so, we of the Occident bow to the ancient knowledge of the Orient and profit by it in so far as we are able with happy results.

SPANISH ROYAL GALLERY.

THE Spanish Royal Gallery of the Prado and the Escorial is architecturally the most interesting building in all Christian Spain, so the Prado, in Madrid, is of all its galleries the supremely important one.

Moreover, the Prado is unique among the art galleries of the world, having escaped the error of trying to imitate other museums of art. Consequently, it has an individuality of its own. It has been styled a congress of masterpieces rather than a treasure house for the art of the world, such as the Louvre is in Paris or the National Gallery in London. A royal collection, called into being in large measure by the munificence of personal patronage, it shows the distinctive characteristics of a private collection and reveals the private tastes of the collectors. In fine, the Prado is the gallery of a group of connoisseurs.

The building that houses these masterpieces is not unworthy of its contents. Begun by Charles III. in the eighteenth century as an Academy of Natural History, it owes its foundation as an art gallery to Ferdinand VII., who at

the commencement of the nineteenth century gathered together within its walls all the royal pictures that had been perishing and disappearing in the garrets and corridors of various royal palaces.

In November, 1819, three rooms were hung with three hundred and eleven pictures. Other galleries followed at different periods, until in 1890, under the regency of the present King Alfonso's mother, the most satisfactory room in the building was relighted, redecorated and rearranged. This is la Sala de la Reina Isabel, as famous in its way as the Tribune in the Uffizzi or the Salon Carré in the Louvre. At present the entire number of pictures in the gallery is more than two thousand.

It is a splendid patrimony that came thus to be enshrined in the Real Museo de Pintura del Prado. Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was very closely allied to the courts that were the centres of art. Art patronage was the pastime of her sovereigns.

A HINDU DEVOTEE.

A young man, from Ougein, came to the annual fair at Ooncar, for the purpose of devoting himself to Bhyru, by leaping from a rock which overhangs the Nerbudda. He stated that, while sleeping near a temple, in the vicinity of Ougein, he was awakened by a smart blow on the shoulder; and, on looking around he discovered a cocoa-nut, a knife, and a looking-glass. On casting his eye on the glass, he became sensible of the presence of Bhyru, who commanded him to go to Ooncar and sacrifice himself, telling him he had already performed the sacrifice several times in former births, and this was the last time it would be required of him. On the morning of his immolation, he was early at the temple of Bhyru; and having performed the customary ceremonies, and presented some money to his divinity—a huge stone smeared with red paint—he began to ascend the rock. When he arrived at the brink of the precipice, he made some wild gesticulations to the multitude below; cast down the cocoa-nut, glass, and knife; then, stepping back a few paces, rushed forward and, springing into the air, was in a moment precipitated to the bottom and dashed to pieces.

LIFE ON MARS.

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY NOW OF ITS INHABITANTS.

RECENTLY the planet Mars and the earth were in astronomical language, in opposition, and there was consequently widespread stir among students of the heavens, because of the rare opportunity which is thus afforded of an examination, under favorable conditions of a planet that has for some years attracted, in peculiar degree, the attention of astronomers and the curiosity of all intelligent human beings.

We know more of Mars than of any other celestial body with the exception of the moon; and the moon is usually regarded as a dead, or practically dead world. Mars, on the other hand, seems to be a world like our own earth, with atmosphere, clouds and seasonal changes.

It has accordingly been long believed that Mars is more likely to be inhabited by rational beings like ourselves than any other world; and hence the popular interest which it arouses. At every opposition of the planet—when the disc of Mars is fully illumined—its surface is scanned with eager interest by astronomers like Schiaparelli and Lowell, who devote themselves especially to the study of the red planet.

The present opposition, it will be seen, is of the favorable class, although not so favorable as that due in September, 1909. It happens that, so far as England and Scotland are concerned, the present opposition is not a favorable one, for at London the planet is only ten degrees above the horizon, and at Edinburgh only six, so that astronomers in the United Kingdom must leave the study of the fascinating planet to their more fortunate brethren in southern Europe and the United States, who are farther south and live under more favorable atmospheric conditions.

Popular interest has of late centred around the mysterious features on the planet's surface known as "canals." Mars had been studied for many years before the canals were noticed. The reddish-ochre regions, the blue-green regions and the polar caps had been mapped out and named,

when, in 1877, the canals revealed themselves to Prof. Schiaparelli of Milan. While executing a survey of the planet's disc, Schiaparelli was amazed to find that the reddish-ochre portions were traversed by a number of straight dark lines. He named these canali, an Italian word, meaning channels or canals. In 1879 he discovered that some of the canals had become double, and in 1881 he increased the number of known canals by fresh discoveries. Prof. Lowell remarks that "Schiaparelli had the misfortune to be ahead of his time, and the yet greater misfortune to remain so."

The discovery was disbelieved, just as the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter was ridiculed by the scientists of the time; and it was not till 1886, when Perrotin of Nice observed the canals that the scepticism of the world of science as to their reality was dispelled.

Schiaparelli informed the writer lately that he was compelled to give up the study of Mars as long ago as 1890, owing to failing sight; but since then the canals have been seen and studied by men astronomers of note, including Mr. Denning in England; MM. Flammarion, Antoniadi and Perrotin in France; Signor Cerulli in Italy, and Profs. Lowell and W. H. Pickering in America. Among these Prof. Lowell occupies the chief place. In 1894 he erected an observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., for the purpose of studying Mars in the clear and steady air; and since that time every opposition has found Prof. Lowell and his little band of assistants at work at Flagstaff. Two large treatises on the planet, and three volumes of "Lowell Observatory Annals" testify to the indefatigable perseverance and energy of Prof. Lowell in his quest for truth regarding our neighboring world.

A few years ago most astronomers seemed to incline toward the illusion theory. But the observations made at Flagstaff in 1903 and 1905 were a serious blow to the hypothesis. Prof.

Lowell detected in 1903 a curious clustering of the double canals in the equatorial regions.

Now, as illusions cannot be distributed systematically, the inference is obvious that the phenomena are real. In 1905 the writer had the honor to receive from Prof. Lowell copies of several photographs of Mars secured at Flagstaff, on which the canals were plainly seen as straight, dark lines, and not, as on the illusion theory, as dots of line and shade. As Prof. Lowell remarked

in a note to the writer: "The camera does not agree with the armchair critics of the canals, but will have it that the markings are lines." It remains to be seen what will be accomplished during the opposition of 1907.

Regarding the probable inhabitants of the planet, Prof. Lowell says: "If there be inhabitants, then irrigation must be the chief material concern of their lives."

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ORIENT."]

A SEER'S EXPERIENCE.

LOVE. HOW TO RETAIN IT.

HAPPINESS in love is only reached, or proven through self-sacrifice and respect to one's duty. Home is the fundamental principle of happiness and "Home Sweet Home" is not lost, but like the "Violet is not missed until the Rose is Gone."

Much has been said and written about love, but nothing about how to retain it "forever" particularly when you are married.

A well-known lady writer declares "that the woman endowed with ordinary attractions and a modicum of good looks who allows her husband to desert her, is deserving of no sympathy."

NO LONGER A ROMEO.

This may be well applied in some cases when a man's fancy is that of a beautiful doll wife that he can use her, as an ornament or to quench his thirst, or to keep harmony with his,—perhaps temporary,—ideal; but what if after his marriage finds out his mistakes that the intelligence in a doll baby wife is no longer in harmony with a serious business man?

Of course, in order to pay more attention to his affairs he is compelled to leave her, and being of a sound mind he conceives that a business man and a Romeo cannot act at the same time.

In this case ought it not be her duty and pride to try and study up her husband's interest in order to be as congenial as possible?

I don't believe in divorces especially, when love had been felt once and an attachment formed; the only remedy in this case, in order to prevent same, is for her to be wisely instructed, by a third party, of how to successfully win, retain and regain

"Paradise Lost." To my idea concentration of will power will do it all.

Who says "Not." that where there is a will, there is not a sure way?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HIS WIFE'S SENIOR.

I believe, in most cases that a man should be twenty-five years his wife's senior, and not of about even age, for while she would age soon, as a rule, he would grow younger and younger, between thirty and fifty, provided he had inherited good health.

THE HOMELESS MARRIED MAN.

Why are so many married men homeless?

Why is it, because she has faded and grown old, or is it because she has made up her mind that she has got him? No matter what she says or does, or how old fashioned she attires herself, she thinks she got him, and if her husband should call her attention to her carelessness, she would say, "and what do I care, don't I suit you? I am satisfied."

And this is one of the reasons why many men without a home attraction seeks and yield for outside temptation, at the hands of some young woman, who is glad to pet him and caress him in a manner unknown to him at home, and who ignores that he may be a married man, and neither she cares; perhaps, contented with the saying—

"NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING WON."

Some of these men often pose as single men, and expend their time and money in some club-room, or passes the midnight drinking, playing or in company with women in some popular cafe or back of some saloon; I trust woman realize these fac's.

WHY MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.

A man goes to his daily duties mornings and returns evenings tired and glad to get home to his family, but on his arrival, instead of his wife welcoming him with a warming and soothing embrace, he finds her cranky, and later learns that supper is not ready; says nothing, picks up his paper, reads it, while listening to the shower of complaints from his wife's lips coming forth as fast as a locomotive, without a halt or a point, while dinner is being cooked.

After half an hour of an interrupted talk and talk, the announcement of "supper is ready" is given by the cook, through the aid of a bell. At this the good husband exclaimed to himself (thinking it was all over), "Heavens, what a relief," taking, as usual, his seat at the head of the table (his wife opposite him).

"Oh, dear," she soon murmured (forgetting saying grace), "I am so vexed, completely worried out, but oh! oh! I would like to choke her; I was out to-day shopping and called on my dress-maker, Mrs. ———, and I had a fight with her, the good for nothing old thing, why she spoiled my dress, James, and now she wants a yard or two more of silk, what do you think of that? I would like to choke her; oh! won't I?—oh! ——— won't I? ———"

The husband had not only to swallow quietly all of his wife's happenings and sayings, but also his meal at a double speed unmindful of an inevitable indigestion.

"What ails you, James, are you mad," abruptly said his wife, "On account that I have to buy more silk, eh?"

"No, indeed," replied he, "I would be willing to buy you the whole silk factory if you would only stop for a while, talking nonsense any longer—like a parrot, while I am eating my supper."

"I won't! I won't stop for you now, take that from me; this is a free country, mind you; this is none of your foreign land, where a woman has no right to her own, and say a piece of her mind to her husband, now do you understand?"

What is the result or consequence?

He goes out thinking to be relieved in search of more congenial atmosphere and in this way ends many a wife's stratagem.

"Return soon, eh! it is only three o'clock in the morning," she quickly uttered, upon his arrival, looking sharply upon his large sparkling black eyes. "Why didn't you stay out the rest of the night and morning, and have done with it, spending our money (you have been drinking, too), while your poor wife has been here restlessly waiting for you, shame on you!"

Heaven's sake, past three, near breakfast time; I shall have to wake up the girl, useless to sleep now, for between dressing and undressing it is time to resume work, this is a nice "How do you do."

"I can sleep six hours yet," he slowly muttered, in answer to his wife's lecture, "for to-morrow I don't have to be in the office before 10 A. M."

Mrs. ——— paid no attention to his sayings and made up her mind to keep up the racket, if only out of pure cussedness, and even if he should approach her with affections, in order to allay her evident disappointment, she would sneer at him, though that might have been all she was fishing for.

All of this was more than Mr. ——— could stand, as he lacked Job's patience, and attempts to go out again, when she suddenly jumped upon him like Hydra, and in a hysteric passion, said:

"You will not go out!"

And as he forced his way out, loud screams were heard from within the apartment.

She had dropped into hysterics at that time of the morning, when every peaceful citizen is in bed resting for his day's toil.

This brings her husband back, who tries to quiet her by persuading her in the most gentle and pitiful manner his willingness to remain home with her.

For all this conduct I blame the woman to a large extent, for her own intuition ought to tell her that a man is likely to meet with temptations and it is for this reason she should make an effort to keep herself always young and pleasing, developing his affections and attachment, with all her womanly grace, tact and attractions.

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"Just what I expected. I am tired buying for her the same thing over and over again," he muttered to himself.

"Don't you ever get tired of the same sweetness, all the time, my dear," he replied with one of his usual and familiar smiles.

"Indeed, nothing, tires me that is good, not even of yourself."

"That's true, too" he replied; "One may be tired of buying the same thing, but not of eating anything so delicious and tempting."

The readers of "*THE ORIENT*" can judge for themselves, whether this Oriental Dainty known as the "*HAREM'S FAVORITE*," is as good as it is claimed by savoring it once.

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"As the name had already charmed me, the next day I asked a gentleman friend for some, and he sent me a box.

"I can hardly express how delicious it was; *the more* I eat the more I wanted. No wonder that was the reason why I missed it the night of the party. I was craving for it all the time.

"One of the most important good results of the "*Harem's Favorite*" was that I gained 10 lbs and have become very energetic and lively. No wonder those people in the Orient call it '*Harem's Favorite*.' It is indeed my '*FAVORITE*' also. **Pro bono publico.**"

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BRIDGE.

BY PAUL OEL.

ALI KEBBAR, the teller of tales, ignited another of his matchless cigarettes, and began a narrative, which, if true, may in some degree explain the enslaving effects the game of Bridge exerts on some of its players; those who are under the ban of the curse imposed upon the game, many years ago.

Sir Gynne Halscote, Crusader in the train of Richard the Lion-Hearted, did not depart with his Sovereign or the vast concourse which re-embarked for their several native lands after that unsuccessful expedition to recover the Holy Land; for, like all the British, being by nature ungregarious, he decided to remain behind and study by personal observation, the lands so little written of at the time.

During the truce he succeeded in obtaining a passport—without which he scarcely could have proceeded—so retaining an esquire, and mounting the best of his three heavy chargers, he bravely set forth on his journey into Turkey.

For many days he travelled northward, his passport always protecting him from attack by Saracen or Turk, and his long sword against the Banditti which then infested all ways of travel. At last, having passed the low peaks, now known as the Taurus Mountains, he came within sight of Smyrna—where O listeners—my narrative must commence. The Sun was sinking in a sea of golden fleece and the purple atmosphere of night slowly diffusing itself from the summits of the western hills, gradually forcing the distant sharp outline of minaret and spire to blend more softly against the darkening sky, when the mailed figure of Sir Gynne, and the slighter form of his esquire, might be distinguished, slowly forcing an entry into the now quiet streets of Smyrna, then the last gleam of day fled and night fell like a sable robe with the rapidity for which the South is noted, now naught, save the clang of the destriers iron-shod hoofs sounded through the almost deserted byways of the town.

Dark abodes of airy Eastern architecture were passed to the right and left, from which issued

the sounds of domestic activity, until at last, when the murmur of the sea became distinctly audible, the Knight paused, hesitant at the entrance to a large place of more pretentious aspect than its neighbors. Both horses were now abreast.

“Rupert,” said Sir Gynne, “Do thou alight and enquire within may we find shelter for the night.”

Thus bidden his follower sprang to the ground and grasping his heavy battle sword below the hilt, prepared to apply it vigorously to the gate post in order to sound a summons; but ere its noisy clank could have aroused the inmates, a latticed door swung noiselessly aside and a sonorous voice announced in *lingua franca* a hospitable request to enter. As only the more cultivated of the Saracens and Turks understood this language, which was used only by the invading armies, the invitation was doubly welcome.

Sir Gynne and Rupert passed through the portal, the door closed noiselessly behind them, and they found themselves in a huge garden. In front of them stretched a gloomy avenue overshadowed by great cypress trees, magnificent bits of statuary and massive masonry covered by trailing vines, lay like the ruins of an ancient temple all about, placed by the Roman conquerors at as early a date as the reign of Constantine.

At the end of the avenue, far in the rear and at the very edge of the murmuring Gulf of Smyrna, rose a massive Kiosk, half hidden by a terraced hill, its dome and turrets gleaming in the rising moon. Such a place could be but the estate of a great potentate—perhaps a Pacha—the Knight was inwardly regretting his rather rude manner of entrance when a Turk appeared, noiseless as a wraith, at his side, salaaming low.

“The fame of the noble traveller preceeds him as the calm, a storm,” murmured the obsequious Mussulman. “The place of my master is the ground for his foot, and glad is my master, Pacha Thaber Gamen, that he may offer the poor hospitality of his home to the brave strangers in a far land—so said my master to his unworthy servant Houssain.”

The Englishman bowed in thanks at the proffered hospitality, perhaps not entirely taking to himself that delicately made allusion to the storm.

Another slave appeared who relieved Rupert of the their steeds' bridles, the first Oriental, then, with a low obeisance, motioned to the travellers to follow.

Up the avenue they went, passing under the branches of the giant cypresses which locked over their heads and formed a sable canopy, making their way as black as fabled Erebus, until a sudden bend around the promontory, brought the marble steps of the Kiosk at their feet.

At the entrance stood armed guards, motionless as the stone they rested upon.

Into the broad reception hall they passed and here they paused for a moment blinded by the shaded yet brilliant light radiated by a hundred richly jewelled lamps, suspended by silver chains from a ceiling of burnished gold.

The atmosphere hung heavy with the scent of perfumed oil and light wreaths of fragrant vapor arose from inlaid tabourets containing censors of incense.

As they advanced their feet sank into rugs, soft as the grass of the steppes and they noticed upon the scripturally tapestried walls hung plaques and armor of finest porcelain and wrought metal.

A divan cushioned with luxurious pillows stood from the side of the chamber and at the extreme end, upon a perfect throne of jasper agate richly wrought in gold and raised upon a dais encanopied in crimson velvet sat the Pacha.

The Englishmen, although unused to such surroundings and slightly embarrassed at their position, advanced with the grace and *savoir faire* which seldom leaves the true English gentleman.

As they approached the dais, the Moslem rose and received them courteously, explaining that he had heard of the Knight's sojourn in that part of the country and wishing to meet the men who would brave the perils of an almost unexplored land, he had ordered his officers to throw open all gates to the strangers, should they pass that way, hoping that they would deign to accept of what poor hospitality he had to offer.

After thanking their host they were guided to a richly furnished chamber in which stood ready

perfumed baths and costly Oriental habiliments. After availing themselves of the former luxury and politely declining the latter, they repaired to the reception hall, in which, was already seated the Pacha and officers of his household, on cushions, ranged in a circle on the mosaic floor a little in front of the dais.

A meal was then served after the manner of the Orientals, in which the banqueters ate, seated upon the ground.

Boiled meats, rice and Hulwah were the principal dishes, the wines served being from Cyprus and iced sherbets playing an important part among the beverages.

Little conversation was sustained during the meal, but after the feast was ended, and the golden dishes had been removed, dancers and jugglers made their appearance at the side of the hall and a dance began, the flexible movements of the dancers, keeping rhythm with the tinkle of tambourines—then the conversation became more general.

"I fear, Sir Knight," said the Pacha laughingly, "our entertainments are hardly yours."

The Knight made answer: "Great Pacha, for the most part, our amusements are not as elaborate as this is, suited to your great rank, but yet are none the less entertaining—this is suited to the dignity of power, but is not portable—a common amusement of the English, is the control of Kings, Queens and Princes—even Fate itself, embodied or represented by painted squares of wood or ivory."

The Moslem turned in great surprise.

"Of Kings and Fate! A grand amusement, truly, if you speak not in allegory, I pray thee tell me more of this."

"It is a game," explained Sir Gynne, "in which two sides participate, two play on either side—four Kingdoms are divided with diversity, the Kingdoms being governed by a King, fair Queen, and a Prince, also, and greater than them all, a Fate, we call the Ace. Two score and fourteen men to serve each King, in regiments of ten, nine, eight and up to two, they all wear color and form of their presiding fate, a Kingdom noted for its battle mace, a Club; another for its wealth, a Gem; a third is noted for its industry, a Spade;

and fourth, a Heart, embodies Cupid's Kingdom, Love."

"I would," the Pacha cried, "we had them here." Involuntary to his lips the words had sprung.

At a sign from Sir Gynne, Rupert produced an ivory box of small dimension, which he presented to the Pacha.

"I prithee Sir, accept this humble gift," said Rupert, "may it entertain your idle hours."

"How know I what charm may be within?" asked the Oriental, "perhaps to steal away my comfort, to discontent me with the rule of a State, when I may command and win four Kingdoms—by Allah! the question is of moment." He paused and clapped his hands three times; the portiers of a door were flung aside, a clash of cymbals sounded, the music stopped and dancers stood motionless, then parted to admit an old man, bent by years, his white beard almost touching the ground and his garments ragged beyond description, he salaamed low, it was a dervish.

"Holy man," the Pacha cried, "were four kingdoms thrown into the lap of a mortal, should he refuse the gift?"

"Great Thaber Gamen, the gifts of Allah should be accepted and used with moderation. Is the gift in thy lap?—then accept it and use as I have counselled, but cursed is he, cursed is his life, cursed is his progeny, who ill uses that which should prove a blessing, so that it becomes a curse, for so is it written and so will it be."

The Pacha turned.

"Noble Englishman, I accept with thanks thy rich gift. Let us go to the seabalcony, to test its virtues."

A fanfare of trumpets sounded as the Pacha arose and walked toward what appeared to be a blank wall at the other side of the apartment, then as he approached, the tapestries fell aside like magic and the lamps within were extinguished, disclosing a balcony; the Pacha motioned his guests to follow him.

As they stepped out upon the platform, a beautiful sight met their gaze.

Below them lay the Gulf of Smyrna which stretched endless to their view, far into the Medi-

terranean—blue and boundless as the sky which hung as a velvet canopy overhead, studded with glittering stars and a crescent moon which idealized the scene with a ghostly light, there it sailed, pure in brilliancy as on the eventful night it saved Byzantium from Alexander's nocturnal attack.

A delicious breeze was blowing, such as the tropics alone can furnish, scented with the odor of spices and vineyards blended with the subtle exhalation of saline air from the sparkling sea.

Around them was displayed the delicate tracery of Eastern architecture and the balcony was furnished with the most luxuriously upholstered lounges, arranged in a circle about a tabouret upon which the cards were laid.

Soft music fell upon the ear as they seated themselves and the Knight undertook to explain the game of Whist or Silence.

The Pacha was enchanted, he took the dummy in opposition to the Knight with Rupert and with few blunders and high amusement upon his side, the game proceeded merrily.

The silence of the night and soft quiet of the surroundings were beginning to creep upon the senses of the Englishmen and cause them to remember less of the game and more of the fatigue of travel they had undergone earlier in the day, bringing with it a deep sense of rest, when the stillness of the scene was pierced by a female shriek—shrill and piercing, it rang out—a cry of mortal terror with an accent of mortal despair.

The Pacha hardly moved, but the muscles of his face twitched, and his hand sought stealthily the jewelled scimeter in his sash.

Not so the Englishman, Sir Gynne, still armed in coat of mail, had risen to his feet, his heavy battle sword half drawn, its polished surface throwing gleams of silver light about, Rupert stood at his side, prepared to offer him the casque and other accoutrements, which, during the play, the Knight had laid aside, at the same time disengaging his own blade.

"By the Caaba! Sir Knight, the cry of some bastinadoed slave excites you strangely," said the Moslem quietly and with displeasure. "Perhaps your knightly vows demand your services for slaves."

"My knightly vows demand my sword in service of the weak, Sir Pacha," cried the Knight.

"Then if thy arm be for the weakest's aid, valiant Englishman, I pray you help me to subdue a most rebellious slave whose tears are stronger than my wits, for she is not the weaker."

He paused irresolute, to interfere with the affairs of the Pacha's Harem was no small matter—he they fair or foul—nor could he, as the Pacha's guest rush blindly into a matter of which he knew naught, so seemingly satisfied with the host's explanation, he seated himself, apologizing for what appeared to be an undue interference with the more private affairs of his entertainer's Seraglio.

Shortly after this rather embarrassing interruption to the game, the party broke up for the evening, the Knight and Rupert being conducted to a most luxuriously furnished chamber, in which stood couches of the most comfortable cushioning.

After dismissing the attendants who had conducted them hither, they relieved themselves of their mail, which, if they had chosen to move about, would have betrayed their presence by its clank, and discussed what should be done.

That some female was being persecuted in the Paynim's Seraglio was apparent, and though it was obviously not their office to interfere with the affairs of their host's home, yet it was their duty as gentle Englishmen, at least to offer championship to any weaker cause which might need succor.

The first thing to be done was to ascertain who needed help. The cry had come from a point not many feet distant to the sea balcony, on which the game had taken place and the room in which they now were seated, was, as nearly as they could judge, not far distant from the place of the cry, its windows opening directly over a garden, around which ran a high wall separating the Kiosk proper, from a low square building with pillared balconies and latticed windows at the center of the garden, persumably the Harem.

It was evident the cry had come directly from this place.

Bidding Rupert stay in the apartment appointed for their bedroom and hold himself in readiness to follow, should he call, then arming himself with the coat of noiseless Spanish chain-mail which he sometimes wore beneath his coat of proof and carrying a stout poniard, he carefully lowered him-

self from the window by means of the trailing clematis which covered that side of the Kiosk and struck boldly out into the darkness.

The perfumed breeze of the Gulf struck his heated brow, and as he paused a moment to enjoy its scent, which was wafted from the sparkling sea, not twenty yards distant to his right, when from out the darkness of the Harem wall in front, a figure emerged. It was a Nubian sentinel and clad in a garment of leopard skins.

As he walked to and fro by the gate of the Harem wall, the glint of a large iron key at his girdle, attracted the attention of the Knight who now stepped carefully and noiselessly into the shadow of the Kiosk. To have attempted to scale the wall on either side would have been madness, for it rose without a crevice for the height of eight feet, and upon the top were ranged steel spikes set closely in, of broken spear heads, dagger blades, and shattered weapons of the chase and war, still strong enough to impale any rash intruder on their jagged points. Sir Gynne was about to withdraw as best he could to reconnoiter the other end for some crevice or foothold when he had the misfortune to clank his poniard hilt against the buckle of his belt.

The sentinel's hearing was sharpened at the expense of speech, this had been reft from him on becoming an attendant to his master's Harem. tune and the slight tinkle of the dagger hilt aroused his faculties to their utmost.

Turning toward where the Knight stood in the shadow, he raised his heavy spear for a cast and advanced.

Fearing that the clash of arms might arouse the whole Seraglio, Sir Gynne quickly and stealthily withdrew, still keeping in the shadow—closely followed by the Ethiopian who hesitated to cast, his eyes, as yet unseeing, in the Styx like shade.

Both were rapidly nearing the wall's termination, at the end of which lay the Gulf some twenty feet below.

The Knight now drew his heavy poniard and stepped out from the shadow into the pale moonlight.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

CREMATION.

A Remarkable Illusion Performed by a Noted Grecian Magician

BY ALEXANDROS BYZANDIADES.

AMONG the many illusions performed in one of the most prominent theatres of Athens, perhaps the most interesting and at the same time the most scientific, was the weird spectacle entitled "Sacrifice," and enacted by one of the most well-known illusionists in Athens.

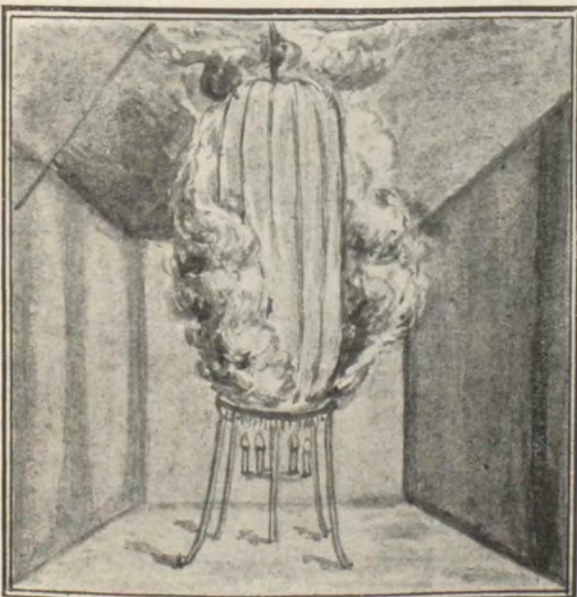
In this scene, the curtain rose disclosing a round four-legged table, arranged in an alcove formed by a folding screen, directly in the centre of the stage.

About six feet above the table, a ring, similar to an ordinary shower-ring, two feet in diameter and covered with white cloth, was suspended from the ceiling by means of a pulley. The surroundings plainly indicated mystery.

Suddenly the illusionist made his appearance, accompanied by a young Grecian lady. After assisting the young victim to mount



THE VICTIM PREPARED FOR THE ACT.



THE DESTRUCTION.

the table, he proceeded at once to demonstrate to the audience that the escape of the victim was impossible. There were several lights under the table to further intensify the impossibility of leaving by means of a trap-door.

Having placed some kindling wood on the table, the magician dropped the cloth from the suspended ring until the assistant was completely enclosed. He then set fire to the wood and in an instant smoke and flames were bursting from the screen, indicating that the work of destruction was going on within.

When the fire had died out, nothing was left to view except a few smouldering embers and a pile of bones surmounted by a skull.

Close observation fails to reveal any means of escape for the young woman; but as it is obvious that the magician cannot afford to

sacrifice human life at each performance, the mystified audience are forced to acknowledge that it was a very clever trick.

Now I will explain to my readers the *modus operandi* of this remarkable illusion.

The table on which the victim was cremated has but two legs. The other two and even one half of the lights that you see under the table are simply reflections from the mirrors.

Underneath the table and converging at the central standard, are arranged two plain mirrors at an angle of 90 degrees with each other, and 45 degrees with the side panels of the screen.

By means of this arrangement the side panels which are of the same color as the central or back panel, are reflected in the mirror and appear as a continuation of the back panel. The triangular box, of which the mirrors form two sides, has a top composed in part of the table top and in part of mirror sections for reflecting the back panel, or with a covering of the same color as the back panel.

The operation of the apparatus is now obvious. When the victim is enclosed by the cylindrical screen, she immediately escapes through a trap

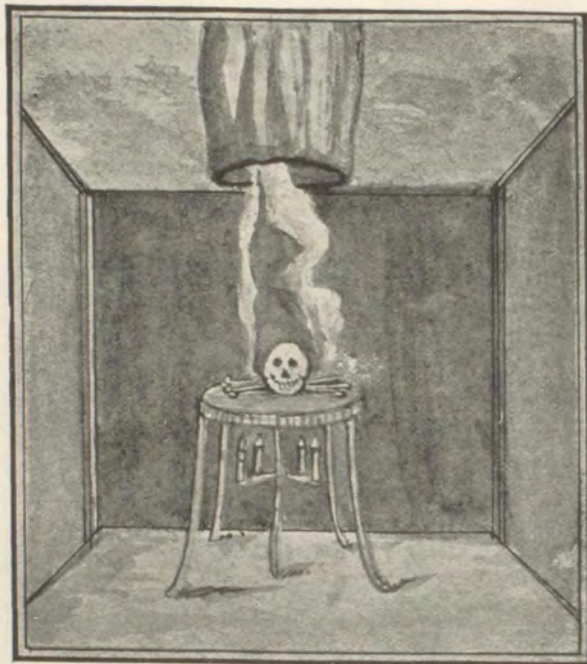


THE ESCAPE.

door in the table top, places the bones and the fireworks upon the table, and at a given signal ignites the latter and retires, closing the trap door after her.

THE BUTTONHOLE ROSE.

In this trick an artificial rose of muslin, which is secured by a strong black silk thread ar-



THE END.

rested by a knot. To this thread, which should be five or six inches in length, is attached quite a strong rubber cord capable of being doubled if need be. The free extremity of the rubber traverses, in the first place, the left buttonhole of the coat, and then a small eyelet formed beneath and then passes over the chest and behind the back, and is fixed by the extremity to one of the right hand buttons of the waistband of the trousers.

When the prestidigitateur comes upon the stage, the rose is carried under his left armpit, where he holds it by a slight pressure of the arm. At the proper moment he raises his wand toward the right, and looks in the same direction in order to attract the eyes of the spectators to that side; but at the same time he separates his arms slightly, and the rose, held by the taut rubber, suddenly puts itself in place. The magic effect produced by the instantaneous appearance of this flower, coming whence no one knows where, could not be appreciated without having been seen.

The Great Fire Eaters at the Olympia Theater, Paris, will appear in our next issue.

ARMENIANS.

BY JEMAL BEI.

THERE has been many newspaper articles written lately regarding Armenians in the United States and Turkey, therefore it has been thought expedient to publish information on this subject.

As to the origin: Armenians are descendants of Arians. Their existence was noted during the reign of Darius Hystaspis (522-466 B. C.).

According to their tradition the name was derived from a king, named Aram, who greatly promoted the welfare of that nation, although later they were overcome by Assyrians. They don't call themselves Armenians, but Haiks (and their country, Haisdan), after Hiaak, whom they believe to be Noah's descent.

Haik established his kingdom in the vicinity of Mount Ararat, and from that time on they were a powerful people.

According to Armenian history, they had several kings, among them Chose-roes was the most noted. He was defeated by the Persians, but later his youngest son escaped to Rome and through its aid assured his father's throne.

They have accepted Christianity, in the latter part of the third century, during the reign of Abgar, the king of Urfa, in Northern Messopo-

tamia. But owing to the persecution of his successor, their Christianity was almost destroyed, until it was revived again by the influence of Gregory the Illuminator, after whose name their church was called the "Gregorian Church," or the "Loosavorehagan Church," Loosavorich being the Armenian for the "Illuminator."



THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities.

It was under his influence that King Durtad (Tiridates) was baptized in 301 B. C., in spite of bitter opposition on the part of some nobles. The nation as a whole followed him and the Armenians have the distinguished honor of being the first race to accept Christianity as their national religion.

In the middle of the eleventh century the Byzantine Empire became master of the greater part of the country and in the fourteenth century, the Ottoman Empire, which still continues to the present date, commenced to oppress the nation.

This caused the Armenians to wander about. Some settled on the

northern slopes of the Taurus, establishing a kingdom with Sis as its capital; and being cut off from their people they secured a Patriarch to themselves, and there seemed to be every possibility of forming a distinct nation. It was, however, destined to

fall under the rule of the Turkish Government. Others wandered to the Caucasus, which was then Northern Persia, while a third party started to various states of Turkey, *viz* : Angyra, Adana, Smyrna, Constantinople, Erzerum, etc. This was done with an object of extending their commerce.

Of the many who had left their native land, some returned, while others remained in these

ting these unfortunate Christians, by bringing them into a broader and more intellectual life that was spreading so rapidly in Europe.

As the intercourse with Europe increased adventurous Armenian young men spread throughout the schools of Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

They brought back a craze for French literature, not the best but the worst. With this came a revolt against religion. The immediate effect was appalling. The nation which had hitherto been noted for its strict morality became widely immoral.

This had marked effect on government circles, as it caused the undermining of the foundations of national life.

The reign of Abdul Medgid and Abdul Aziz were times of great advancement for the whole Armenian people. Although oppression even then was exerted over them, nevertheless they were becoming more and more able to meet them, and everything was going smooth.

Until the time when the formation of the Bulgarian kingdom accomplished then, there seemed to be opened a new era to the Armenians.



GROUP OF ARMENIAN STUDENTS, AMERICAN COLLEGE, HARPUR
From Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities.

cities for life. There they gave up the agricultural industry to which they had been accustomed in their own country for the commercial life. Many became tradesmen, while others entered into professional fields, forming an entirely different portion of Armenians, than they were formerly in their native land.

Until Mahmut the Second, the Armenians were not known in commercial or political circles. But the Sultan, knowing their loyalty, versatility and ability, appointed many Armenian officers of high rank, trust and intelligence, who accumulated, in many cases, large fortunes, owing to these advantages.

Many were so far advanced as to control the commerce and the finance, being prominent bankers in the Empire.

At this time they began to show the result of very powerful influence from the West. Those of American missions, and of French literature and social life.

Wherever an American missionary went there was a school or an institution assisting and educa-



MASSACRES OF ARMENIANS.

From Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities.

The young men who had been under the educating influences of the different American Schools, Colleges and Universities of Europe, were assuming positions of influence among their people. And everywhere throughout the nation there was a manifest of increasing ambition to do for themselves

what the Bulgarians had done, which unfortunately not only aroused the anger of the entire Moslem, but caused many pitiful massacres throughout the cities where the Armenians were most popular; destroying, burning and looting their property.

Here we should turn aside to refer to that section of the Armenian nation under Russian rule.

When Russia conquered Caucasus and drove Persians south of the Aras, and Schamyl's followers into Turkey, she found that for the development of the new territory she must depend entirely upon the Armenians who had already settled in considerable numbers in that territory.

Accordingly they were made welcome and for some time a good degree of freedom was allowed to them in their religion, education and trade.

Gradually the Armenian influence became strong in Tiflis, Schemachi, Bacu Erivan, so that it was not surprising that there arose a dream of national independence.

They probably did not expect to rest any portion of Russian Territory from the hands of the Czar, but they did apparently hope for the revival of Ancient Armenia under the Turkish rule.

So long, however, as their condition in Russia was fairly comfortable they made very little attempt in that direction, but it became apparent to the Russian Government as the years went by that there was danger lest they find difficulty in carrying out the general policy of the Empire which was to weld its very heterogeneous population into a solid mass. Accordingly a system of repression was commenced. Everywhere the Armenians felt the severe iron hand that drove the people on the Baltic to despair. Their schools, religion and trade was more and more interfered with.

During this time they had seen the success of the Pan-Slavist Committee in stirring up the disturbances in the Balkan Peninsula, and conceived the plan of accomplishing the same thing for their compatriots in Turkey. But, unfortunately the general effect of this upon the Armenian people caused still more dissatisfaction with the situation under Turkish rule, filling their minds with visions of political independence.

Parallel with this was the other influence referred to, that of the free thought of Central Europe. The young men who had been educated in the

schools of France and Germany had become acquainted with the stories of the revolutions that marked the close of the 18th and early half of the 19th centuries.

While these constant intrigues weakened the power of the Patriarch of Constantinople, the civil head of the nation, and affected even the religious head of Etchmiadzine.

It was through the influence of these young students that the Armenian Revolutionary Society—the Hunchagist was organized. (A full account of which will be published in our next issue.)

Lacking the substantial basis of careful investigation, they sought to enkindle a flame not so much of revolt against the Turkish Government as of protest to Europe against that Government's oppression.

The consequences of all these revolts were that many lost their political influence in Government circles, their positions, lives and property. Furthermore the very rigid censorship of the press, and absurd school laws, and even the restriction on travel, made it no easy matter for an Armenian to go from one section of the Empire into another.

In general the condition of the rural districts had grown worse. Kurds, Circasians, etc., dispossessing the Armenians, occupied the greater part of the plains of Eastern Turkey. In fact the frequent massacres of their families and children, by Softas (religious fanatic) were the consequences of their revolution. Great loss of lives and property—and no accomplishments.

Here we must admit that the Armenians are by no means an unintelligent people, not to desire autonomy. That they have many qualities that make a successful nation no one will deny. Their ability is undoubted. Their race tenacity evidenced in their loyalty to their faith. Their adaptability to any new circumstances in the use of any means that come to hand would ensure in marked degree success in meeting new emergencies.

As to their character the Armenians are sympathetic, intensely proud of their history and faith; of exceptionally pure morals among the Eastern races; intense lovers of home, and are very hospitable.

Physically they are persons of great stature, strong faculties, industrious, loyal to their religion and their nation, of marked ability, adapting themselves to any climate, or any circumstances.

FAITH AS A POWER.

Through faith the most difficult task can be attained, being the greatest gift that God bestows upon man; the very magic wand, the power of which is unlimited. If you have but a germ of faith—small as a grain—and you say to a giant remove hence, the giant will have to obey. But the finite mind gives no credence to what it cannot understand.

If we desire to accomplish anything through faith we must concentrate our thoughts to one purpose and that purpose will be conquered.

But all purposes conquered are fruitless without the good works, for "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove the mountains, and have no charity, I am nothing."—I Corinthian, xiii, 2.

Faith is God's guarantee. Few persons are qualified to receive it. There are many definitions of faith.

Locke says, faith is the assent to any proposition not thus made out by the deduction of reason but on the credit of the proposer.

St. Paul says, it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

But Emerson says, faith is *success*; to live and still retain faith through all the experiences of life—the faith you started with—the faith in your ideals—that is success.

And here is the doubter against occultism and faith; what a weak, sickly, ænemic trait of character it is that harms him a thousand fold.

Among the many meddlers and trouble makers, we think the so-called doubter is the worst. Just the minute some one comes forward with a new idea, no matter how long the person may work at it, no matter what his or her standing in the community, the doubter comes forward with his, "I don't believe it!"—"It's a fraud,"—"He won't get any of my money." etc.

Instead of looking into a thing and proving its worth or worthlessness, they instantly cry—"fraud," thereby by their suggestion, if nothing else, hurting other people and keeping them from

trying some good thing that perhaps would mean their salvation.

Anyone can doubt; it is easy; only strong nature believes, trust and have faith toward the accomplishment of all things that are good.

"The skeptical," writes the Rev. James J. Rome, in an article in the *Christian Science Journal*, "and unbelieving may shake their heads and ask with Nicodemus, 'How can these things be?' But the sick who have been healed, the sorrowing who have been comforted and the sinning who have been saved, can look up and answer in the words of Paul, 'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' As of old, it may be said, that 'the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.'

"When we remember that the teaching for so many centuries has been that the real individuality of man is material, and that he is dependent on matter for the gratification of his senses and even for the very sustenance of his life, we cannot wonder that so many hesitate to accept the teachings of Christian Science, since this science demands the abandonment of all belief in materiality."

Doubt indulged develops into a habit; makes you sour; censorious, unloving and unloved; and, when you get old, and count your wealth you will find you have surrendered to doubt and that you are bereft—and with but very little left.—RAMIREZ.

THE LAST NOTES OF HIS DYING MUSE.

"If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."—Byron.



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